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THE MIRROR

SAINT-LOVIS



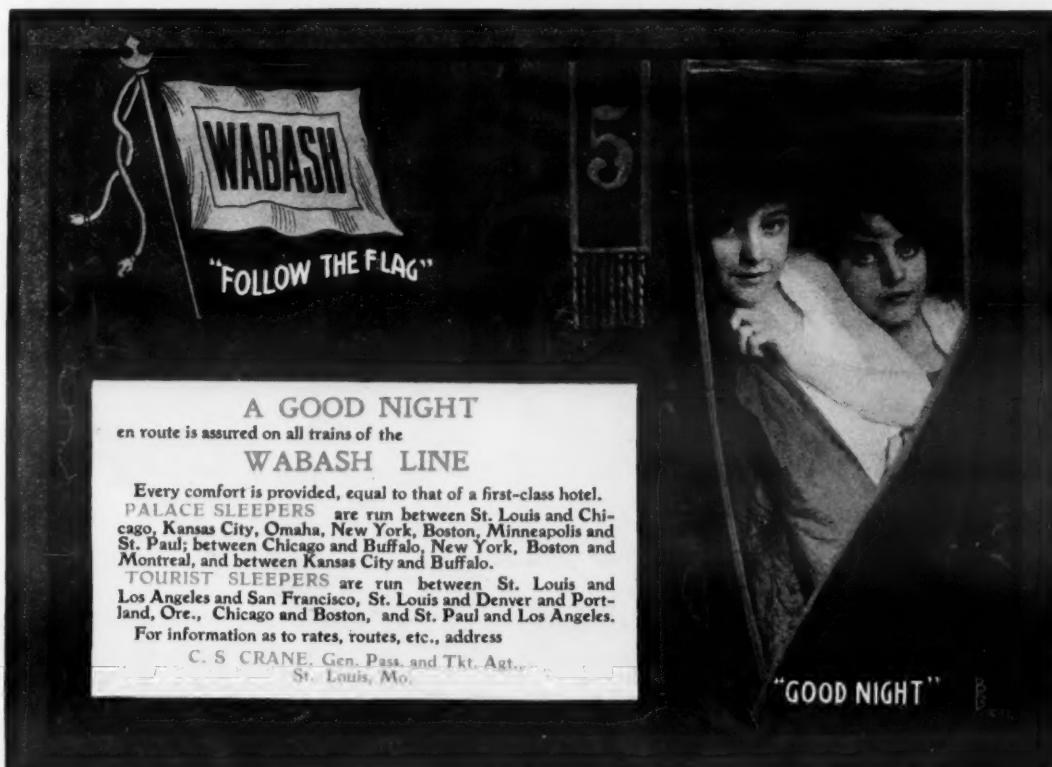
A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

The Mirror

THROUGH SLEEPERS
between
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS
and
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE.



NEW EQUIPMENT
—
ELEGANT DINING CARS
—
SUPERIOR SERVICE



The Mirror

VOL. XII—No. 50

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE issue of the *Valley Magazine*, for January, appeared Wednesday, the 14th. Regular readers of the publication will find it more attractive than its predecessors. Five cents per copy. Fifty cents per year. All newsdealers.

REV. WILLARD W. BOYD

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE Reverend Willard W. Boyd has been to Washington, D. C., in behalf of Postmaster Baumhoff, and has assured President Roosevelt that the Postmaster, accused of pawing dalliance with the skirts and shirt-waists and hosiery of ladies in the post office, is a much maligned person. Dr. Boyd testifies to Mr. Postmaster Baumhoff's high moral character.

I don't know that Postmaster Baumhoff is, or was, guilty of the practices alleged against him. I hope he is not or was not. But if Dr. Boyd stands sponsor for Mr. Baumhoff's character, who stands sponsor for the character of Dr. Boyd?

Not many years ago, Dr. Boyd delivered as his own thought and words a eulogy upon Garfield, the best part of which he had "lifted" from an oration by Edward Everett.

Not many years before that, he was publicly accused of printing as his own a little book or brochure written by another man, and the parallel column method of quotation convicted him beyond all doubt.

Plagiarism is theft. No man can unconsciously plagiarize whole paragraphs of an oration, whole chapters of a book, even to the punctuation marks. Dr. Boyd as a plagiarist of other men's thoughts and words is hardly a competent guarantor of character.

Furthermore, unless I am misinformed, Reverend Dr. Boyd has been on both sides of the issue as to Mr. Baumhoff's moral character. When a committee of those agitating for Mr. Baumhoff's removal called on Dr. Boyd and had a female employé of the post office relate to him her experiences with the alleged tentatively passionate postmaster, the reverend gentleman stormed and raged and raved that such things could be in a civilized community, and intimated his willingness to support every effort that might be made towards the elimination of such a "monster" from the public service.

A little while after, Reverend Dr. Boyd appears as the champion of the man whom he was, a short time before, ready to proceed against to the uttermost limit. The "monster" he had been ready to destroy became, in an incredibly short space of time, a hero, a martyr, a saint. The man Dr. Boyd would have eliminated upon the testimony of one girl is the same man Dr. Boyd defends after the testimony of the one girl has been corroborated by the evidence of a dozen, or, perhaps, a score of others. This is a truly remarkable instance of the perverse consequences of evidence. The more evidence there is against a man, the less likely his guilt—according to the theory of Dr. Boyd, as legitimately deducible from the conduct of Dr. Boyd. By what process of reasoning, Dr. Boyd made this phenomenal "flop," from one side to the other of the Baumhoff case, no reasoning person can determine. Perhaps he thought nineteen or twenty women employés were simply plagiarizing the testimony of the first accuser, but whatever he thought, it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt has been duly informed—and if he has, he will duly estimate the fact—that Dr. Boyd, who now champions Postmaster Baumhoff, was, a few months ago, ready to lend his moral support to an effort to secure Mr. Baumhoff's removal.

But the course of Dr. Boyd in this matter is natural to him. When he was a figure and a voice in the

movement for local purity, known as the Civic Federation, Dr. Boyd was caught in the act of dickering with the then Republican leader, Mr. Chauncey Ives Filley, to deliver the Federation, or independent movement, lock, stock and barrel, into the control of the Republican machine, while at the same time he was dallying with the Democrats and professing publicly that the Federation was free from entangling alliances and would make with the Democrats "no league with Death," with the Republicans, "no covenant with Hell."

In the last mayoralty campaign he endeavored to induce Mr. Hawes to throw overboard men, like Messrs. James Campbell, Edward Butler, James L. Blair and others, with whom Mr. Hawes was in conference. He told Mr. Hawes it was the young men's chance to overthrow the older bosses and destroy the franchise-brokers. At the same time, Dr. Boyd was trying to convince Col. Butler, and others, then in conference with Mr. Hawes, that then was the occasion to "roll" Mr. Hawes and utterly smash the police power as represented in the Jefferson Club machine. If I am not mistaken, Dr. Boyd also distinguished himself in the preliminaries of the last mayoralty campaign by handing the same "salve," though differently scented and seasoned, to Mr. Lee Meriwether, the Public Ownership candidate for Mayor. And then, when he had been "turned down" in all quarters with his proposal that these men be traitors to one another and to their own principles, the Reverend Dr. Boyd was found vociferating upon the stump against all the men he had "approached" and in favor of the Republican nominee, Mr. George W. Parker. There were four sides to that mayoralty issue, and the Reverend Dr. Boyd, with preternatural saltatorial agility, managed to land, at one time or another, on each side of the quadrilateral. It is a marvel of acrobatics of conscience that any man could do this, but in the case of a minister of the gospel, it becomes a true miracle.

Dr. Boyd, however, is a pastmaster of this art of science. Indeed, it seems to be his own bright, particular discovery or invention. He cannot touch anything that he does not adorn it with some performance of the same sort. His polyhedral proclivities manifested themselves distinctly and distinctively in the boodle prosecutions.

When Mr. Meysenburg was tried for bribery in selling supposedly worthless stock to promoters of a measure for which he did not vote, Dr. Boyd appeared for the prosecution at the table with the Circuit Attorney and his assistants. Dr. Boyd had made up his mind that Mr. Meysenburg was guilty, and he did everything he could, by lending his impressive personality to the prosecution, to bring about Mr. Meysenburg's conviction. And when the Supreme Court of the State declared that Mr. Meysenburg's trial was a farce, Dr. Boyd arose in his pulpit upon his hind legs and denounced the Supreme Court for overruling a verdict that he had rendered long before the trial of the cause.

But there was another man indicted for bribery, and this man, Dr. Boyd determined before trial, was innocent. Dr. Boyd interested himself in this man's behalf, became, in fact, a peripatetic evangelist for the defense, and, to all appearances, used his best effort to bring the Circuit Attorney to a like view of the case. Dr. Boyd was such a staunch upholder of the innocence of Mr. Henry Nicolaus, and Dr. Boyd had, to all appearances, such an overbearing influence with

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Circuit Attorney Folk, who sits sabbatically under the drippings of the Boydian sanctuary, that many people were led to believe that Circuit Attorney Folk would enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Mr. Nicolaus—as Circuit Attorney Folk should have done, seeing that, upon trial, the Court threw out the case upon the evidence presented by the State.

But now comes the tale that goes about town, illustrating the unique ethical concepts that actuate the public performances of the Reverend Willard Will-o-the-wisp Boyd. After Mr. Nicolaus had been triumphantly acquitted, or, rather, discharged by the Court, there came to the former defendant millionaire a young man with the reputation of an intellectual *chevalier d' industrie*, bearing a letter from the Reverend Dr. Boyd. The letter recommended the young man in question to Mr. Nicolaus as a worthy person possessed of a worthy ambition, to-wit: to write a full, fair and free history of the great boodle scandal in the city of St. Louis. But, ere Clio, the muse of history, could be successfully invoked upon the undertaking, money was necessary, and would not Mr. Nicolaus endorse an enclosed promissory note for—well, the amount varies in the telling of the story, but let it go at \$2,500? Now, it were well worth \$2,500, some people might argue, for a millionaire defendant, even though honorably vindicated, to appear to advantage in a history of boodling in St. Louis, but Mr. Henry Nicolaus, so the story runs, simply gazed at the piece of paper and said, with that charming smile for which he is noted: "I'd like to do it, my dear boy, but I can't. You know all my trouble has been caused in this matter by endorsing notes." The answer was such a sockdolager, coming from a man who had been pilloried as a briber for signing paper upon which money had been borrowed to buy a franchise, that Dr. Boyd's protégé departed and the face of Clio, the muse of history, grew longer than Bryan's dream of the Presidency. But, supposing this incident to be true, what could have been Dr. Boyd's motive in such a course? He made himself conspicuous as a defender of Mr. Nicolaus. He was conspicuous as such a defender because of his closeness to the Circuit Attorney. Mr. Nicolaus was vindicated; then followed the "touch." Artistically done, I'll admit. A beautiful variation upon the "tap" direct! A magnificent, rococo decoration upon the meager outlines of the "grafter's" "shakedown!" But still a "touch," a most palpable "touch." Was the Reverend Dr. Boyd's friendship on sale? Was that his way of getting a fee for his services as an attorney-at-large, for a man who did not need an attorney, being innocent on the State's own case? Is Dr. Boyd's "influence" a marketable commodity? What would he charge for getting a "bum" out of the Workhouse? And would he make a few dollars by mentioning Pear's Soap or Mellin's Food quite casually in a Sunday sermon? Is the reverend gentleman out to "cop the cush?" What fee did he get, and from whom, for his services as attorney against Mr. Meysenburg? Is the only side of a case, for the Reverend Dr. Boyd, the side that promises and gives up the "dough?"

There's another story going the rounds of the inner circle, that is equally illuminative as to the characteristics, if not the character, of Rev. Willard Where-am-I-at Boyd. There is a paper in this town—a bright paper, too—called *The World*. That paper is supposed to be owned, or, at least, backed, by Col. Edward Butler. *The World*, in its sprightly fashion, ever since the boodle prosecutions began, has been amusing its subscribers and readers with attacks upon Circuit Attorney Folk and stories reflecting discredit upon him and some of his relatives. *The World* did not mince matters. It said ugly things, straight from the shoulder, and those things must have been exceedingly dis-

comforting to Mr. Folk, even granting that they were untrue. Well, one day the Reverend Willard Whirligig Boyd called upon Edward Butler at the latter's residence. Col. Butler has been said to be the city's boss boodler and was under conviction. That day, or the next day, or the day before, or several days forward or backward, the Reverend Willard Who's Who Boyd called at the office of *The World*, on Chestnut street, between Ninth and Tenth streets. The rest is silence. *The World* has not had a word to say against Mr. Folk since that time. It was, up to that date, running a public subscription fund to secure the release of an alleged relative of Mr. Folk from the Workhouse, but from that date the appeal for funds was discontinued and the list of contributors was dropped from the columns. There be those who intimate that the Reverend Willard Wabbler Boyd subscribed for a chunk of stock in *The World*, but, of course, they do not so intimate within three-quarters of a mile of Mr. Alfred H. Spink, the editor of *The World*, who has a punch that Jeffries need not be ashamed of.

It is not in malice towards the Reverend Willard What's-in-it-for-me Boyd that I set forth these presentations. They are recorded, rather, in an exultant, ecstatic admiration of his versatility in "reversing the English" upon himself and playing, ever and always, "lovely billiards"—for Boyd. As a politician he possesses the gift of omnipresence and of nullibity at the same time. He is everywhere and nowhere. His center is everywhere and his circumference is nowhere. He is both for God and for Satan, but he plays both ends in favor of the middle, which is always Boyd.

Postmaster Baumhoff may be as virtuous as *Sir Galahad*, or as unvirtuous as *Sir Hadagal*. That is not to the point, just now. The question is, whether the President of the United States can afford to be guided to any appreciable extent by a person of such vertiginously vagaristic variousness as the reverend gentleman who has guaranteed Mr. Baumhoff's morality at the White House. It does not seem that he is a credible witness to anything. He may have been summoned as an expert in mental miscellaneity to give evidence as to a hypothetical case of moral miscellaneity, but his testimony cannot be convincing in any case in which the supposition is that the defendant pursued a consistent course even of arm-pinching, knee-rubbing, and placket-fumbling attentions towards female subordinates in a Federal office. One wonders if, after it is all over, Mr. Baumhoff will be asked to endorse a note for someone about to write a history of "*Ars Amoris* in the St. Louis Post Office." One wonders, too, how long this town is to suffer the incubus of this Boyd, who has a finger in every pie and always spoils the wholesomeness of the pastry, because that finger is always in so many other noisome things. Even as I write these closing lines, comes the news from Jefferson City that Boyd is behind a bill to colonize and regulate the Social Evil in St. Louis. The bill may be good or bad, but Boyd must be mixed up in it, because the subject matter thereof is something from which ministers of true dignity and refinement hold aloof. The Reverend Willard Whoop-em-up Boyd is a self-advertiser of the most offensive type. He is muddled in his morals, but never oblivious of "the best of it" for himself. His public activities have done the city no good and are doing the public harm in so far as they may enforce upon the undiscerning a false impression of the value of such evangelizing for reform as he has done in the past. He is the preacher in politics who soils both preaching and politics. He is, if the current stories about him be true, no fit exemplar for young men who would take up the fight for good government in any community. He stands for the very worst things against which he is supposed to

be waging war. It may be claimed that he only "fights fire with fire," but he does not; he only attempts to purify common mud by an admixture of ordure. He out-politics the politicians, and out-grafts the grafters, and out-boodles the boodlers. In so far as he represents the church, he does but do the thing against which Tennyson warned us when he bade us have care lest Divine Philosophy become Procress to the Lords of Hell.

BEYOND GRASP

BY W. M. R.

THE spirit evades us ever,
However we strive or pray:
The woman I hold in my arms to-night
Is a million of miles away.

Say to me: "You possess her"—
Ah, bitterest irony!
What agony equals the thought that comes—
She is not myself, but she.

What secrets her heart holds from me,
What thoughts I may not share,
Though I spilled her soul from her body's vase
And breathed it in with the air.

Though I breathed her soul into me
Till it lifted my soul like wine,
The delight would be tint with torture—
It is still her soul, not mine.

Love her? O, God in Heaven!
Love her? O, devils in Hell!
Not alone for the poor little all she gives
But the unattainable.

Fools ye, who happy deem me,
Possessing her night and day.
When closest she lies to my heart she still
Is the gulf between selves away.

REFLECTIONS

Dark Lantern Reform

CITIZENS of St. Louis will do well to beware of the "dope" put forth on the general subject of the Charter Amendments by the Public Welfare Association. Charter Amendments that have to be "boodled" into passage, as were the last ones submitted, are no good. Charter Amendments framed by a close corporation are suspicious, and the last ones, thus far, have simply operated to give a monopoly in street reconstruction, shutting out the smaller contractors, while the improvements projected contemplate the expenditure of ninety per cent of the money in a narrow strip running east and west through the center of the city, to the neglect of more than ninety per cent of the city's territory, the regions generally known as North St. Louis and South St. Louis. The private interests represented, in a general way, by the Public Welfare Association, are over-well taken care of in the matter of improvements to be paid for out of the money of all the people. Those private interests will get back many fold the \$15,000 that they put up to pass the amendments. Especially to be suspected is the scheme now being foisted upon the people to leave the whole matter of a new scheme of city government to a set of thirteen freeholders. The number is not particularly unlucky, but the proposition smells of a job. Thinking men know that the Public Welfare Star Chamber crowd even now have the names of the thirteen freeholders up

their sleeves, and that the thirteen will be selected with a view to protecting private interests before public interests. It is perfectly well known that the Charter Amendments last framed by the Public Welfare Association are of doubtful legality, how much soever the Public Welfarers may protest to the contrary. The old Scheme and Charter was cooked up to protect special interests and make the small property-owner bear the brunt of paying for the city's natural expansion. A new Charter must not be framed in secret caucus and jammed through a terrorized Municipal Assembly. There's too much government by the Noonday Club in this town and too many alleged reformers are under the hypnotic spell of representatives of interests desirous of special favor in taxation. The people at large have really no representatives in the little "parties" at which the plans for a new Charter are being concerted. Too many things advocated under cover of World's Fair needs are, in fact, advocated to help out private ventures in which World's Fair leaders are interested "on the side." Citizens generally must not accept the suggestions of the Public Welfare Association as either infallible or impeccable. They must scrutinize closely the scheme to turn the whole matter of municipal government over to "thirteen freeholders" stacked up in the little room at the Noonday Club by reformers too close to the interests and influences that always take care of themselves first. The Public Welfare crowd made a botch and a boggle of the last bunch of Charter Amendments, save in so far as concerns the special interests of the center of the town. Their assurances of self-sacrificing rectitude and certitude of constitutionality should not again be accepted unquestioned. This is not the time for dark-lantern reform and improvement. The present city administration should be careful not to be too much impressed by the representations of those self-constituted saviors of the city, all of whom are, in one way or another, tied up to and with the powers which, having money, are supposed to be entitled to dictate what shall be done. Give all the people a chance to benefit by the proposed change in the Charter. Let us have a Charter framed on the necessities of the situation, growing up out of it, not a Charter empirically framed and handed down to us from some lofty hidden height by little tin gods worked puppet-wise by the great interests directly or indirectly controlling the secret sanhedrim.



Tillmanism

THE killing of Editor Gonzales, at Columbia, S. C., by the younger Tillman is an event the importance of which is signified by the stillness with which the country contemplates such a culmination of Tillmanism. It is the last logic of the elder Tillman's methods of speech and action in the Senate. It is an object-lesson in "passionate" politics. Terrible and sad as it is, the incident has value for right in that it surely stamps the rabid radicalism that has recently dominated South Carolina, to the State's disgrace, as obsolescent. Editor Gonzales did not die in vain.



A Dangerous Task

THEY now talk of a coming *coup d'état* in Germany. William II, it is stated, is disgusted with his Reichstag. He wants various things done, but the stingy deputies refuse to make the necessary grants of cash. Being of an impetuous, headstrong character, the emperor is a-hatching schemes which involve nothing less than the reduction of the Reichstag to an inoffensive, impotent mob. The imperial chancellor, Count von Buelow, has been entrusted with the task of accomplishing the *coup d'état*. He is an oily, suave and shrewd sort of a politician, but it is more than

doubtful that he will be able to gratify the reactionary wishes of his sovereign. To restrict the right of suffrage, in this advanced age of the world, will prove a harder task than the emperor imagines. The German people have not as yet received much of an education in representative government, but they have learned enough to know that they can no longer do without it. They will not submit to an abridgement of the right of suffrage without bitter-spirited and prolonged resistance. Judging at this distance, it would seem that William is about to tackle the wrong thing for sure this time. His *coup d'état* may turn out to be what Talleyrand considered worse than a crime—a blunder.



Disgruntled Fair Directors

EXACTLY how things are working in the "innards" of the World's Fair management was shown when the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee resigned because nothing was ever referred to the committee and its recommendations were never heeded. That is the story of all the committees. They are ignored when they are not kicked and trampled upon by the men at the top, but it is seldom that this conduct has evoked such strong protest as came from the head of the Ways and Means Committee at the last meeting of the directors. The World's Fair is a one-man institution to such an extent that the entire directory is permeated with disgust at its own impotency. The Fair project has reached a stage at which the stronger men in the directory find it wise to withdraw from the places in which they were hobbled, and to let those who have hogged the honors and emoluments and patronage take all the responsibility for possible errors and mistakes. It is not a trifling matter when the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee resigns. It is an incident calculated to make people wonder if there may perchance be some trouble about the funds or their expenditure. It gives color to the story that the Exposition has in some particulars "bitten off more than it can chew," and the rumor that the time has arrived for a general paring down of estimates. The Exposition has not enough money, it is said, to carry out the plans even after half a dozen modifications, and there must be more contraction and restriction and retrenchment. This is all a good thing, but it does not, for all that, reflect much credit upon the gentleman who is "the whole show" that he has gone ahead so rapidly that he has to be called back to say nothing of being called down. Still, it is to be hoped

that the dissatisfaction in the directory, voiced by a man of such weight and distinction in the community as the ex-chairman of the Ways and Means Committee shall not become more general or more vocal. It is too late now to regret the growth of the one-man power. It would be unfortunate if the country at large were to learn to what extent there is a lack of harmony between the head of the Fair and the directory. A general knowledge of the situation and a general discussion of conditions pertaining to the inner workings of the Fair would injure the undertaking beyond all computation. The directors must now hold their peace. Their personal pique or discomfort is a small matter to weigh against the success of the Fair.

They must grin and bear with "the insolence of office," to the growth of which they contributed in the beginning. If they think they see the Fair being used as a factor in the creation of a Presidential boom, they must shut their eyes and refuse to see it. They must take their medicine. They have built up the power they now decry. Their sycophancy in the beginning is being repaid as sycophancy always is repaid, with scorn. The Fair is a one-man concern, because the directors allowed it to be made such a concern. If they are dis-

satisfied when too late, no one is to blame but themselves. If they are crushed under the wheels of the chariot of the godlet they made, who shall sympathize with them? If they shirked duties which the one man was willing to assume, they are guilty and deserve their humiliation in the day of the pride and power of the assumptionist. The ex-chairman of the Ways and Means Committee has done the public a service by his resignatory protest, but he has pointed an old moral, too. It is that the false gods men make for themselves become the oppressors of their creators, and that every duty shirked, or perfunctorily assumed, becomes in time a scourge to the shirker's pride or self-respect. There is nothing to do now but accept the situation of the directors' own making. And for consolation, such as it is, the humiliated directors are referred to back numbers of the MIRROR.



An Idiotic Scheme

THE administration scheme to give this city pure, clean water is, or soon will be, the laughing stock of all the hydraulic engineers of the country. The "weir system" of purification is an absolutely idiotic evasion of the public demand that something be done to improve the city's water supply. The weir system will not strain the water of its impurities or of its dangerous bacteria. It will simply skim off the tops of the reservoirs the less impure water. The scheme is neither so scientific nor so promising of good results as alum filtration. It is cheap, and cheap only. It is a pretense of doing something. Cheap as it will be, the money expended upon it will be wasted. The proposal looks like a mind-cure project. There's just enough to it to make the people think that the water will be purer. Every competent hydraulic engineer in the world will look upon the weir system as a piece of prestidigitation calculated to deceive the St. Louis public, as a sort of official confidence game. It is as absurd to talk of such a system purifying Missouri River water as would be the claim that the same water would be purified by being run through a picket fence. The Board of Public Improvements cannot successfully play the public for suckers in this fashion.



Roosevelt and the Negro

EVEN so consistent an admirer of President Roosevelt as the editor of this paper is constrained to confess that the Chief Executive is forcing the negro question too strenuously upon the people, not only of the South, but of the whole country. And when, to show that Boston does not object to the appointment of negroes to office there, the friends of the President quote that city's marriage statistics to show that there are forty-five cases of miscegenation in that community every year, the result is a feeling of revulsion rather than of approval. The President may be abstractly right in his attitude upon the race issue, but it is a condition, not a theory, that he is confronting. The people of this country do not hold to the ultra-Southern idea of the negro, but neither do they hold that the negro is entitled to such status as is claimed for him upon the statistics of miscegenation in Boston. The people in this country believe in fairness to the negro, in recognition of character and achievement in high-class negroes, but they do not believe that the negro should be forced, by way of official position, into a contact with the whites that may seem to imply social amenities between blacks and whites. Right or wrong, the President seems to have gradually drifted into an attitude of forcing the negro upon the white against the white's will and wish. The people do not like the negro as approximating social equality with them, and they resent,

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either silently or vociferously, the sanction which seems to be given by the President's insistence upon emphasizing his view of negro worth, to the negro aspiration for social rights greater than he now enjoys. Miscegenation statistics in Boston only nauseate the public of all sections. The races will not mix. Whenever they do, the result is death to the best in both races. The President certainly doesn't believe in the miscegenation that prevails in Boston, and yet the quotation of the statistics thereof to show that Boston is not concerned over a negro appointment, is to be construed as nothing more than an assertion that the ultimate of the Roosevelt policy on the race question is to be intermarriage between blacks and whites. This will never do. Its reiteration will destroy the President politically. It is time for him to rein up his broncho.



The Racing "Shake-Down"

THERE are some signs that the Missouri Legislature has been organized with no other object in view than the shaking down of the St. Louis Jockey Club and the Delmar Jockey Club. There may be, and probably are, reasons why there should be more race tracks in St. Louis, but there is no reason why the local syndicate of racing magnates should be mulcted of large moneys to prevent the destruction of their investments in the Delmar track and the Fair Grounds. The Cella-Tilles-Adler combination has given this city clean and square racing. It has invested two and one-half millions of dollars to do this. It has supported thousands of employés and enabled many horse owners to live. It has abolished the cheap pool-room nuisance. It has been distinctly a reputable sporting enterprise in every respect. This being so, the sandbaggers should not be allowed to blackmail the managers of the tracks. This city could probably support another good track, and if it can, the syndicate must, eventually, permit the erection and licensing and dating of such a track, but the need of another track should not be made the excuse for legislative boodlers to rob the syndicate of the profits it has made on an investment that was a desperate chance when undertaken.



A Noble American

GOVERNOR TAFT is the man of the hour in the Philippine Islands. He is *persona grata* with the natives. This was proved by the recent demonstration of the people of Manila after it became known that President Roosevelt had decided to make the Governor a member of the United States Supreme Court. The Filipinos assembled in front of the palace at Manila and begged Mr. Taft to stay in the islands. They assured him that they had perfect confidence in him and his purposes, and that he was a man after their own heart. So much was Governor Taft touched by this popular outburst of loyalty to him that he at once resolved to remain at Manila, and so cabled President Roosevelt. Governor Taft deserves the plaudits of his countrymen for the patriotic and unselfish stand he has taken. He is an American of the true sort, inasmuch as he puts his country's interests above his own. Rather than disappoint the Filipinos and leave them in their slough of despond, he is willing to forego the prize that he has coveted for years, and to continue in the performance of a task that is, unquestionably, fraught with many discomforts and disappointments. Governor Taft is the right man at the right place. His policy is the only one that will convert the Filipinos into loyal and progressive American citizens. And it is to be hoped that, after what has occurred in the last few weeks, Congress will pay more heed to his recommendations and warnings. In

compliance with Mr. Taft's request, the President recently asked for an appropriation of three million dollars for the temporary relief of suffering people in the islands, but, so far, nothing has been done in the premises. The careless and aimless policy of Congress is utterly inexcusable. And so is the reported intention to deny the request for a lowering of duties on Philippine imports. Congress should show its appreciation of Mr. Taft's noble-minded work by seconding it in every legitimate way. The present is an excellent opportunity for convincing the Filipinos of our sincere solicitude for their welfare and the development of their islands.



Mr. Hawes

GOVERNOR DOCKERY did the right thing in reappointing the present Police Commissioners, and especially Mr. Hawes. The Governor's party owes more to Mr. Hawes than to any other man in the State. Mr. Hawes has saved the State to the Democracy by rescuing this city from Republican rule. Mr. Hawes has been fought because he is the ablest Democrat St. Louis has produced in a generation. Republican hatred of him is his best testimonial as a Democrat. He is personally clean and unassailable. When all is said, the fact remains that the police force under his direction is efficient and honest to a degree unequalled in any other large city. If he is a boss he has picked good men for office, and the records of those men prove their worth. The Governor is to be congratulated upon his endorsement of Mr. Hawes as an official and a party leader, in spite of underhanded warfare upon the young man. The Democratic party in St. Louis under Hawes has been more successful than it ever was, solely because Mr. Hawes' efforts have been continually directed towards making the party worthy of the confidence of the honest people of the city. Mr. Hawes is a credit to his party and deserving of any honor that party may bestow upon him.



Advantages of Married Life

THAT the married state is conducive to health is often asserted. In a recent number of the London *Spectator*, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, after producing the figures of his investigations, concludes with the remarks that the mortality of the single of both sexes is higher than the mortality of the married, and at all periods of life, except the ages of fifteen to forty-four for women; that the mortality of the single of both sexes is less at all periods of life than the mortality of those who are widowed at ages under sixty-five, while at the ages of sixty-five and over the differences are too slight to indicate a definite law one way or the other; that the mortality of the married of both sexes is more favorable at all periods of life than the mortality of the widowed; that the mortality of single males is higher at all ages than the mortality of single females; that the mortality of married males is higher than the mortality of married females, except in the age period of fifteen to forty-four, and that the mortality of widowers is higher than the mortality of widows at all periods of life. Commenting on these conclusions of Mr. Hoffman, the *Medical Record* inclines "to the belief that any one who wishes from these figures to extract a demonstration of the healthiness of marriage may find himself in a quandary. For, obviously, what passes for 'the mortality of the married' is in no sense its true mortality. The latter is clearly the 'mortality of the married,' as now reckoned, plus a certain, entirely indeterminate, fraction of what is here classed as the 'mortality of the widowed'; that fraction, in short, which represents the mortality due to causes

which originated during the married state, and not during widowhood. Our Pension Office certainly would smile at a demonstration of the healthiness of military life, deduced by ignoring the future mortality of those discharged for disability. Here the case is peculiar in that the recruits of the matrimonial army are discharged therefrom, not by reason of any demonstrated unsoundness in themselves, but on account of that of the other partner; and the question is, therefore, utterly problematical as to what their physical status is at the time of discharge into the ranks of the widowed." While there is still considerable difference of opinion in relation to this matter, those who maintain that married life is better for the health of man, appear to have the best of the argument. French, British, and German statistical tables, which cover many decades, demonstrate the fact that the average married person is a better insurance risk than the unmarried. Insurance companies know this so well that they have, for years, made it one of the basic elements in their business. Statistical tables are, as the above cited authority well says, exceedingly dry and drink-provoking reading, but it must be admitted at the same time that they are, as a rule, carefully compiled, and not merely the work of idle theorizers. If they, in this instance, tend to prove that marriage is conducive to health and long-living, they are only in harmony with our own personal, daily observations. The married person lives a life that is in perfect accord with the dictates of Nature, and is much less exposed to temptations and dangers of various kinds. The duties incident to married relations instil a spirit of moral restraint, of prudence and steadiness of habit. They intensify the love of living and the ambition to acquire fame and a competency. The imposition and increase of duties may be said to make people better, more patriotic, more progressive, more human. To be conscious of a duty is to realize the existence and force of moral laws. The married state is, by all odds, the most ideal for the average person, all assertions of chronic bachelors and "bacheloresses" to the contrary notwithstanding. It still holds good that it is not good for man to be alone. To marry and to multiply is a task of undoubtedly serious aspect and consequences, but its attractions and benefits are so many that every young, healthy person of marriageable age may safely be advised to "make a try at it."



A Great Idea

THE French have conceived a great idea. They are thinking of constructing a canal connecting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean. It is stated that such a canal would be about three hundred miles long, and call for the expenditure of eight hundred million dollars. According to the opinions expressed by expert engineers, it would save twelve hundred miles for vessels proceeding from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. In view of the strong desire on the part of the French government to reduce the preponderance of the British in the Mediterranean and the importance of the stronghold at Gibraltar, it is quite likely that the necessary appropriation for a preliminary survey of the canal route will soon be made. The French people are chafing under the fetters, which they imagine have been put upon their interests in the Mediterranean. They are willing to spare no cost to fortify their naval strongholds. At Bizerta and at Ajaccio, they have been, and still are, expending millions of francs on new fortifications. The construction of a canal obviating the necessity of entering the Mediterranean by way of Gibraltar would tickle their patriotic pride immensely. They consider only its political advantages. They look upon it as a good means to hurt the power

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and prestige of England. The outside world will, however, be disposed to attach more importance to the benefits which the canal may be expected to confer upon international commercial interests. When the Suez canal was first brought to the attention of the world, the diplomats made all kinds of predictions of a political nature. They imagined that the Lesseps enterprise would prove a disastrous blow to British interests. They have lived long enough, however, to see England firmly established in Egypt and in complete control of the route to India and the Orient. There is no reason to believe that the construction of a Mediterranean canal will create any serious disturbance of the balance of power. John Bull will continue to do business at the old stand and to maintain his grip upon Gibraltar and Egypt, and, at the same time, share with France and the other nations of the world in the commercial gains certain to result. Let the French go ahead and build their great canal, and stop looking across the channel to see what Downing street may think of the scheme. They may rest assured that the sensible Britisher will not lose any sleep on account of any "blooming" canal that France may see fit to construct.



THE MIND OF A CHILD

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

If a "grown-up" possessed the mental grasp that belongs to the average child from birth up to, say, six or seven years of age, what a stupendous amount of learning he would accumulate! Just think—one comes into the world more helpless than a puppy and with the same aspirations; namely, a single and all-absorbing desire to feed, and, within a month, the mind of a child has awakened enough to know that certain things are pleasant, such as to be warmed and rocked and cuddled close in somebody's arms, and that other things are unpleasant, such as banishment from the society of its mother and a change in the temperature of the room. It has but one language at birth, that of a cry, but when it becomes cognizant of feeling at all, it has its own little animal-language of contented grunts or fretful notes and, within a few weeks, the mother-ear has learned its expression.

Within a year, the child has learned to distinguish different members of the family, to speak a few words, to handle certain objects and to understand what dozens of things are for, and much that is said to it. Within the next two years he has become, as far as ideas are concerned, an independent entity and has acquired a language amply sufficient for his needs. He uses the big words of his elders, or tries to, and in the right places, and he accepts rewards and punishments as a natural and logical sequence of existence. He adapts himself to different conditions like a philosopher, making a protest at first, if the change does not suit him, and then making the best of things after he perceives that his protest is registered but unavailing.

And how fast he does learn! From a helpless creature, whose heaven is his mother's smiling eyes and whose whole world is encompassed in her arms, he springs, in a few months, into an upright-stepping miniature citizen of the universe. Take him abroad and he will fairly absorb another language while his parents are stumbling over conjugations and accumulating gray hairs over the genders of inanimate objects. The writer remembers traveling, once, with an American-born child of three years whose parents were bringing her home after a year in Germany, the nurse under whose charge she had been placed being a French woman. The little chatter-box spoke English to her father and mother and French to her *bonne*

and while at the German *pension* had picked up sufficient of the language spoken around her to express her wants very intelligently upon occasion.

The child sits and plays at one's feet apparently unconscious of anything but his blocks and his toys and all the while his little ears are taking in the conversations of his elders and his busy brain is assimilating ideas and sorting them out and storing away knowledge to be brought forth when least expected. Being untrammeled by conventionality and the fear of other people's opinions, he is, by nature, uncompromisingly truthful, drawing his deductions in a straight line unheightened by side lights, untoned by shadings.

He expresses in himself the essence of all young things, and so he lives in the closest companionship with nature, the perennially youthful, the eternally juvenescent. He sees that to which our eyes are blind, he hears harmonies our ears would never receive and he is admitted as by right into secrets that though we sought we should never find.

There may have been a time when for us the waters held voices and the winds speech, when the dumb creatures talked and the birds sang a translatable language, but we left it behind us in the magic land of childhood, and though we go seeking and seeking beside stream and in forest we only hear, once in a while, a tantalizing echo of an echo, an intangible, elusive something, like the swish of ghostly garments. At long intervals, there is a "grown-up" to whom Nature graciously reveals herself as to a little child and we call such an one a poet; such was Walt Whitman, and to the day of his death he had not outgrown his niche in Nature's heart.

The other day, a five-year-old boy sat singing to himself over and over again a string of sentences and his mother wrote down in the next room all she could catch of his song, while he, thinking himself alone, gave full play to his imagination. He was evidently describing a river and this is, *verbatim*, what she heard—the geography being inadmissible, but the poetic spirit atoning therefor:

*Far away it does travel—
Around the North Pole
And to South America
And to cities we do not know;
Falling over the waterfalls
And dashing among the rocks
And following the road and dashing from it,
And crossing the old mill road—
And crossing the old mill road—
And crossing the old mill road.
The wind comes and stands by
And turns his wings around;
The shining pebbles and the bright sands are in it—
Twinkling, twinkling little stream!
Pretty bright flowers do come a-past
The river and it goes by the fields of corn,
And it crosses the fields and woods
And far away it does travel.
Still the old mill stands still
Pumping water all day
And singing his song.
And the cool, trickling stream goes on
Past woods and pastures to the ocean—
Traveling far away.
Pretty, twinkling little stream!
The rocks stand still and the
Stream goes flowing around them.*

The child referred to is not a precocious child, nor abnormal in any way, he simply expressed aloud, thinking himself unnoticed, what thousands of children feel and think within themselves.

The thoughts of a child—who can fathom them? And what must it not mean to be born fresh into a

world in which every little thing is a wonder and the veriest commonplace is a miracle thus transmuted by a mind that absorbs as rapidly as the eye can see or the ear hear—the mind of a little child!



OWEN WISTER'S POPULARITY

BY WM. TROWBRIDGE LARNED.

WHEN FRANK NORRIS died, Owen Wister wrote: "Someone will doubtless adequately criticise and honor him; there are some who can, even though it often seems uncertain whether American criticism be in its first or second childhood."

I wonder if the writer was thinking of himself, though but half consciously, when he penned those words? True, "The Virginian" led the list of the most popular novels; true, some critics had acclaimed him as the author of an American epic. Had he but known it, here is your Pelion of praise piled upon Ossa—a native novelist of renown was saying: "I would rather have written 'The Virginian' than any two of my stories." (Yes, and any half dozen, my dear sir.)

But what a drearily long time the public and the general run of critics took to discover this rare merit. For "The Virginian" has been a matter of ten years in the making, unfolded at infrequent intervals for the readers of *Harper's Magazine*; and along with these instalments had been disclosed companion sketches which the discerning devoured almost with equal relish. The army and Indian and *Lin McLean* cowboy tales have been collected between covers—three vastly entertaining and truthful books, in all; but, somehow, we heard little about them. There were times when some man, who had lived beyond the Missouri and whose trade it was to write, tried to tell the public that these stories were quite the best pictures of the vanishing West which any one had yet offered; and there were occasions when the critics who had never been West instinctively felt this to be true, and said so.

But, on the whole, these stories made no great stir. And this was not without its compensation. While the portraits of third-rate authors occupied conspicuous places in the periodicals which make a specialty of such things, and while gossip galore informed us of the tastes, habits and methods of the great army of ephemeral scribblers, Owen Wister was spared. It may not be a flattering phase of human nature which takes greater pleasure in a self-discovered masterpiece when it has not yet been thumbed by the mob, but it is a feeling that some of us, who are not altogether prigs, know right well. We felt it before the Philistine began to patronize Omar, before the reader who runs began his great ado about Stevenson (which he sometimes spelled with a ph); and the justification for it lies, of course, in a reasonable objection to over-praise and affected adulation.

Owen Wister is not so likely to suffer from this; the nature of his writings and the style of them do not invite hysteria. Yet, I daresay, many silly things will be said about him. On the heels of this, let me confess that, for five years at least, I have been telling all who would listen that Wister has done the best work since Bret Harte; that though lacking Harte's literary style and poetic touch, he has, nevertheless, put us in more complete possession of the Westerner as he really is. His sentiment is never too finely drawn, but is braced with the air of his own beloved plains. All of us cow-punchers, reformed or otherwise, have "met up" with *McLean* and *Honey Wiggan*, and have our own ideas as to the original of the Virginian. And the gentle drawl of the Southerner has in

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it more truly human tones than the soft speech of *Jack Hamlin* and his kind.

Yet it has taken almost a decade to get a really big audience for this curiously nameless hero. It is all of eight years since he came to cheer me on a New Mexico ranch, through the pages of a fugitive *Harper's*. It was the episode of "Balaam and Pedro" that introduced him to me and many others, and made us want to know him better, just as Wister wanted to. What a happy second thought, that saved him from the Indians, after all, and secured the President of the United States as a further modifier of that chapter! It is only fair that the President should have had a hand in it, if only to take edge off the envy he must feel at having seen the self-same things that Owen Wister saw, attempted to set them down, and failed. It is such a sop to our own shortcomings to realize that Theodore Roosevelt has failed in something. (He failed to make money as a ranchman, too).

And, besides, it looks so easy. That is a deception of the easy Wister style. Would you emulate it—granted you were given your head and allowed to ramble at will through indefinite pages? If so, pray remember to have something to tell. Owen Wister has, always. He journeys leisurely, like the man who bestrides Monte; but our attention never flags, and we reach the goal refreshed.

You have found out this much and more for yourselves; but will you tell me why only the few found it out long ago?

What a queer thing is popularity!—a remark which Homer possibly made on noting the success of rival recitations in the six cities where he and his poetry went a-begging. But Owen Wister's sudden popularity is particularly queer. Some details connected with his "arrival" seem to me to make of it a unique accomplishment in the history of our modern fiction. Incidentally, they seem to explain just what he meant when he wrote: "It often seems uncertain whether American criticism be in its first or second childhood."

It was only about three years ago—apropos of "Lin McLean"—that a Philadelphia reviewer remarked, in a publication devoted to books: "Owen Wister has written some creditable stories; but so, to be sure, have a great many others. His real strength lies in musical criticism."

It is seldom that a well-meaning person contrives to shoot so wide of the mark, and yet contribute an interesting bit of information. For, granting its accuracy, since the contributor is a citizen of the author's home town, it is a bit of legitimate gossip which lets us know that Owen Wister has qualified in music as well as in the law. That repeated inquiries for these musical criticisms have been unavailing is perhaps due to my having no better source of supply than New York's inferior libraries; which are forever a cause of irritation to any one who has enjoyed the facilities afforded by Boston, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Washington, or even, perhaps, St. Louis. The Astor Library of New York, for example, contains just one specimen of Owen Wister's work, to-wit: "The New Swiss Family Robinson. Cambridge, 1882."

A writer of fiction naturally makes heavy drafts upon any special knowledge he may possess. If we did not know that Thomas Hardy had been an architect, his "Laodicean" would yet set us guessing. For all his literary touch, the man of letters does not mask Kipling, the journalist. Weir Mitchell and his brethren mix pathology with their creative imaginings. Yet Owen Wister, with many opportunities that would tempt a tyro, never sounds the musical note. Not in his narratives of cowboy land, at least. Otherwise, but once—in a pretty little tale of a priest at a California mission.

It seems likely that though Owen Wister found himself a good while ago, he will not confine his powers to fictions of the West. He is not only a born story teller, possessing that natural gift for recital which the fireside crone has in common with the imaginative novelist; but a thinker and a close observer as well. He has made, or is making, two excursions into the well-trodden field of American biography. His humor has the right flavor, and is artfully used. Possibly he is not aware of it, but for some years he had a circle of grateful readers who knew him simply as the author of "Em'ly," which, like all truly humorous productions, owes its success to an underlying strata of gravity and sentiment.

Gifts like these are not easily hidden, even when something is written to order. If Owen Wister has a quarrel with the critics—and some of them have recognized his worth from the first—let him at least take note of this: A year ago there appeared a series of anonymous tales, as to the authorship of which the public was invited to guess. The contributions were by eminent hands, and were for the most part eminently lacking in style, flavor, interest. At least two of the stories were supplied by humorists of National reputation. But it was a briefly contemptuous critic of the *New York Times*, who unconsciously passed their contributions by, and shrewdly remarked that almost the only meritorious tale in the lot was a humorous one, subsequently announced as Owen Wister's.

And this is the man whom the all-devouring general reader has slighted for so long. It raises an interesting problem. Let us consider it a bit. Experts have told us that short stories, while in great demand for magazine publication, do not sell when collected in book form. Passing by as exceptions the case of Kipling and the making of some minor reputations, let us suppose that this is so. It explains the comparatively limited popularity of "Red Men and White," "Lin McLean" and "The Jimmyjohn Boss." It may even explain the immediate popularity of "The Virginian." There is not a little new matter in the book, adeptly dovetailed into the long familiar; for a climax we have the admirable "With Malice Aforethought," contributed as recently as last winter to the *Saturday Evening Post*; and the older parts are well worth reading again in their new setting. It was an original idea and a bold one to knit these separate stories into a novel—an idea that has been amply justified in the execution. And I for one am consumed with curiosity to know just at what stage of the Virginian's development in his creator's mind the dawdling giant suggested this longer flight of the novel.

But still unaccounted for is the slow growth of reputation. Let us drop the public—which is, until it comes to be posterity, the criterion of nothing but its whims. Does it protest at the arraignment, we have a record of its criminalities—the imprint of its thumbs, after the most improved police methods; the measurement of its ears, after the manner of M. Bertillon. We have seen it wholly ignore "Peter Ibbetson" and run mad after "Trilby." We have seen it mildly interested in "The Forest Lovers" and go daft about "The Helmet of Navarre." We have seen it prefer Thomas Hardy in his decline to the Thomas Hardy of the "Madding Crowd." It demands with equal avidity "David Harum" and the Bible, and demoralizes taste with unlimited demands for books of "The Crisis" sort—so-called, perhaps, ventures one of our most brilliant critics, by way of witticism, because it has no red human blood in it.

But why enumerate the list of its venial offenses. "Pig of a public!" So thick is your skin, so blurred is your vision, that the most notorious offender among you all, reading "The Virginian" because everybody

is talking about it, will never for a moment take as a personal rebuke its author's bit of savage satire which he flings at the "average reader" who is not conscious of the difference in style between a masterpiece and the morning newspaper.

Is it idle to rail against the public on this rare occasion when it has shown an intelligent preference? Perhaps. But the editors and the critics; what of them? Two years ago, I asked the literary editor of a book-reviewing magazine why he did not tell his readers about Owen Wister. Now, not even the professional book critic pretends to keep the run of all the volumes daily heaped upon his desk, but I was hardly prepared for the acknowledgment, made with engaging frankness: "I'm afraid I don't know him."

To grow indignant about this thing may seem absurd. It was my purpose merely to note some singularities of a great popular success. But if this competent editor and critic, whose business is with current literature and whose perusal of much that is trash is all in the day's work—I say it Owen Wister passed and repassed him unawares these ten years, as one of many scribblers known by name only, then where must we look for information about books?

And that is not all. In due time "The Virginian" appeared. Then, one Saturday, I opened the best newspaper in New York—an intellectual authority. Its book page led with some columns of inconsequence, and then there was a ten-line notice, beginning, "The apotheosis of the cowboy continues." That was this critic's conception of "The Virginian's" place in current fiction—the deliberate estimate of an undeniably clever man.

It has seemed worth while to note these undercurrents in the tide of popularity—a sudden popularity which came coincidentally with a change of publishers (from Harper's to the Macmillans), but without the aid of poster advertising. Why the change was made I do not know; but it has been a lucky thing for the Macmillans—a particularly big plum, and labeled beforehand at that, for a publisher who has profited by Winston Churchill's good fortune. The book reviewers had been telling us that the period of immense sales for any one novel had probably gone by, and they advanced some theory about this. But let us see. I learn from my recently bought copy of "The Virginian" that it was published in April, reprinted twice in June, four times in July, three times in August, twice in September, twice in November. The December record is incomplete. It is only by the merest chance that you can get a sight of the book at any of the free or other circulating libraries of New York. Even the thriving second-hand book stores seldom or never have it, which would indicate that many persons of varying tastes read the same copy.

To say that merit is wholly at the bottom of all this would be a bit rash. In casting about for an explanation of "Trilby's" astonishing sale, it was suggested by acute observers that its flavor of wickedness, without impropriety, helped the book to circulate among those addicted to prunes and prisms. Unable from the nature of the evidence to deduce a discerning public from the mere fact of numerous editions, it seems possible to account in part for Owen Wister's sudden popularity on somewhat similar grounds. He recounts incidents and makes allusions that would not be tolerated in a writer less wholesome or less adept in language. In "Lin McLean" there is certainly one expression which borders on indecency. And yet he is never prurient. Mr. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, some time ago, in a general essay on this topic, referred to Owen Wister's tact in the selection of unpleasant phases of life necessary to the depiction of a primitive community. It is this tact which enables him to show us with truth, and without

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offense, a man, and an "untamed man" at that. Bret Harte attempted something of the same sort; but delightful as he is, his heroes are unreal. There is nothing shadowy about the Virginian and his friends. Their talk and their actions are the talk and the actions of human beings. Who knows but that, some day, it will not be overdoing it to praise Owen Wister as Thackeray praised Fielding, and for the same reason?



HAIL TO WALL STREET

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

MR. J. P. MORGAN is still sore over the antics of Gates. He still considers the Chicago gambler a veritable *enfant terrible*. In his testimony given before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the other day, he admitted that Gates practically compelled him to buy the controlling interest in the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. If he had refused to enter into negotiations with Gates and his Chicago clique of speculative marauders, there would have been all sorts of trouble and excitement on the stock exchange. When Morgan came back from Europe, and was informed by his advisers that Gates had again broken loose and prepared another powder-magazine situation, he lost no time in asking the latter to be kind enough to hand over his "cornered" supply of shares, to be good, and to retire into his lair with several million dollars of profit. Gates, not being very anxious to assume charge of the Louisville & Nashville, followed Morgan's advice, and has since refrained from worrying the life out of the great financier. It is safe to say, however, that Morgan still has nightmares, in which Gates stars in a very prominent rôle.

Morgan's late testimony closely resembled that given before the commission which investigated into the causes which led to the formation of the Northern Securities Company. In both instances, he made plain intimations that stock market manipulation has been, or still is, responsible for much of the consolidation craze in the industrial and railroad world. In the Northern Securities case, he declared that the capitalization of the Northwestern combine had been made so large, simply because it was intended to make it impossible for men of the Gates type to engineer marauding expeditions for the purpose of holding up the men owning a controlling interest. According to Morgan's reasoning, it is much easier to "corner" the shares of a fifty-million than those of a four-hundred-million corporation.

Gates was also responsible, it will be remembered, for some of the haste which characterized the organization of the United States Steel Corporation. His antics in the American Steel & Wire Company shares, which threatened to upset the very foundation of the iron and steel business, and the trust mania which was then running riot in Wall street, could not be countenanced by Mr. Morgan, who was then surrounded by various syndicates, all of which had many irons in the fire, and were exceedingly anxious to secure the lion's share of the money which wild mobs of speculators were dropping every day on the floor of the stock exchange.

Mr. Morgan considers it his duty to play the rôle of kind providence, every time somebody manages to acquire a majority of the outstanding stock of a leading corporation. He will not permit of anything that might destroy the confidence of gamblers, or stop the flow of choice commissions. If he had not interfered, when Gates had a majority of Louisville & Nashville

stock on his hands, do you think that the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. would have enjoyed an income of fifty million dollars during 1902? Morgan has a horror of all "corners" that are not conducted by himself. As long as he is at head of sports of that kind, there is no danger. But it is all different when somebody else tries to imitate Morgan's methods of earning an honest living, and to acquire a share of the profits of "general prosperity."

It is to be presumed that our doctors of economic philosophy will continue to look as solemn as owls and to exude Solomonic wisdom in their discussions of the causes and objects of consolidation. Ten years ago, they were all profoundly ignorant of the tendency of affairs. They were all unable to foresee the coming, and to recognize the fact that changing conditions called for revolutionary methods in the economic world. It was Wall street that established the new school of economic philosophy. It was Wall street that first grasped the idea that consolidation had to be effected, if speculative "corners" were to be encouraged, and the thousands of bleating "lambs" induced to step up to be slaughtered in the shambles.

Wall street's economic principles are the only ones that accord with common sense and the vagaries of the stock tape. They are up-to-date; they can be changed at pleasure and at any time, as long as they produce profits and enhance the gaiety of the gambling fraternity. The dreary stuff which economic doctors are regaling us with is of the book, bookish. It is food for babes and sucklings. It is neither modern, nor profitable.

Morgan's economic system is all the rage. It has stood the test of Carnegie threats, of Gates "corners," of Harriman onslaughts and of crop disasters. It has vindicated itself. It is the economic system which leads to salvation and bulging pocketbooks. It makes the gray theories of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mills and other impracticable "cranks" of that class look like thirty cents. What we need nowadays is economics that result in fifty-million-dollar incomes, in stock quotations that make old fogies gasp and stare, and in corporations the capital of which has only the roof for a limit.

All these consolidations are eminently practical. They are evolutionary in their genesis and character. After a while, Wall street's evolutionary studies will be enlivened by a struggle that will favor us with new, and, perhaps, startling ideas of the survival of the fittest. It is all evolution, my friend! The Standard Oil Trust, for instance, has been "evolving" for years. It has proved the "fittest" among the fit and its shareholders expect to see the time when they will receive one hundred per cent dividends every year. Consolidation will solve the "last riddles" of the universe. It will yet prove the salvation of afflicted mankind. So all hail to Wall street, where a great light is now shining, and where J. Pierpont Morgan is "the master of the show."



JUST STRIKE

BY WESTLAND FORREST.

TAKE heart, be brave, cast fear aside,
Be strong;
Take up the gage of battle against
The wrong.

Wherever it lifts its Gorgon-head,
Just strike
The blow for the wronged, and the blow for the
weak!
Just strike!

BOVARYISM

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S *Madame Bovary* is one of the comparatively few immortal figures of fiction. And this in defiance of the fact that she is not a "heroine" in the conventional acceptation of that much-abused word. For *Madame Bovary* is a rather common-place *bourgeoise*, a little, conceited, romance-loving provincial, amid environments that are anything but heroic or passion-inspiring. She has a superabundance of sentimentality; she creates and worships imaginary heroes. She succeeds in transforming her life into a strange woof of absurd lies and hypocrisies. She romances and dreams; she longs and strives for adventures, for romantic escapades, for impossible loves, for scintillating passions. And when the inevitable moment of disillusionment and moral disgust arrives, when the pitiless impact of grim realities crushes her fond dreams, she makes the great leap in the dark—she puts out the Promethean fire of life. It is a grippingly powerful conception of character, of life, of human frailty and hunger for the unattainable which Flaubert presents to us in this his grandest creation of mind. The very banality which surrounds the story of the emotional and capricious woman, enhances the tragical aspect of the futility of her life and loves.

Some time ago, a young French writer, Jules de Gaultier, favored the literary circles of Europe with a brilliantly thoughtful essay, for the foundation of which he took the character of *Madame Bovary*. This essay has been much praised and much commented upon by leading critics. It is a queer mixture of profound reflections, of glittering epigrams, of hissing rockets of irony, of Aristophanic laughter. M. Gaultier is a disciple of Nietzsche. He is an admirer of the *Uebermensch*, a believer in the terrible dogmas of Zarathustra.

According to his opinion, *Madame Bovary* is the prototype of all the feminine characters in the works of Flaubert. She is conceited and sensual to a degree. In the quest of vain ideals, she soon exhausts herself, and finally shrinks back, dismayed and discouraged. She lacks the power to will and to endure. And so it is not surprising in the least that the mockeries and parodies of the world should eliminate her appetite to live. She impersonates the eternal conflict between will and power, between the ideal and the real. And, to a certain extent, she must be regarded as representing one of those who are the unfortunate victims of the inexorable laws of heredity and of social conventionalities.

Madame Bovary, says M. Gaultier, is essentially and painfully modern, inasmuch as she is full of paradoxes, of antitheses, of inconsistencies and of pretensions. She represents that which may be set down as Bovaryism. Her desire to imitate, to please and to impress remind one of the antics of the snob, the aspiring and yet so vulgar *parvenu*. When he limned the character of *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert undoubtedly wished to impress us with the follies and shams of the world. He wished to emphasize the pitiful pretensions we all make to be more than we are, to be joyful when we are suffering, to be satisfied when we groan in anguish. He wished to make it clear that we are wearing masks, behind which we hide our real self. Flaubert was a pessimist, but his view of the world was not distorted by prejudice or spite.

Bovaryism, declares M. Gaultier, is a pathological attribute, which every civilized man possesses, and which, while it often develops into a sort of disease, is yet essential to human progress. Bovaryism is the basis of our intellectual and social life. It begins

The Mirror

with the assumption that man is possessed of free will, and that our social system is based upon responsibility. M. Gaultier reasserts what so many have said before him—that we never know what we are. The nucleus of civilization is a wrong conception of ourselves and of all things. We imagine we know, and all the while we are poor dupes.

We speak of truth, of modern truth, of real truth. We speak of reason, of modern reason and of right reason. What is right reason? What is real truth? Does anybody know? Has anybody ever known? We know no more about things of this kind than Pontius Pilate did, when he asked the blood-covered Nazarene the famous question, to which no answer was or ever has been given. "And washed his hands."

This life is, after all, but a *bal masque*. We affect virtues which we do not possess; we affect to hate sins which we secretly practise. We speak of the beauties of honesty, and yet know inwardly that "to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." We are all worshipers at the shrine of Bovaryism. We are all snobs and shams and fakers. We are all fond of the "*Précieuses ridicules*" of Molière.

We speak and write so learnedly about things, and yet we know, after all, so little that is really worth knowing. We build churches and worship and believe in faiths which have lost their power. We twaddle of the responsibilities of life, when we no longer believe in a world to come, and intone hymns to a God, who has, for so many, become a mere phantasm of the mind. We found colleges and libraries, when there are thousands lacking the necessities of life, and we talk of charity and enlightenment, when little children ruin body and soul in filthy coal mines and factories.

And yet Bovaryism, we are told, makes for progress. It is impossible to believe it. Perhaps this progress itself is nothing but Bovaryism and self-deception, a chasing of will-o'-the-wisps. We must not lose ourselves in such thoughts; for, if we do, we might arrive at the conclusion that the whole universe is Bovaryism, a mockery of dupes and fools. M. Gaultier, you are leading us a merry chase!



BITUMINOUS MACADAM

IS THERE A PAVING JOB UNDER WAY?

THE Board of Public Improvements is at present putting through a great many street improvements, and the indications are that there will be more streets paved this year than ever before in the history of St. Louis. Public hearings are being held every month, sometimes twice a month, and ordinances are being framed and sent to the Assembly every week. The materials favored for paving purposes are granite, asphalt, brick, creosoted wood block and bituminous macadam. All of these pavements are of time-tried and weather-tested material, save the latter and the lack of experience with bituminous macadam appears to be a good reason why attention should be drawn to the methods adopted to introduce it and why property owners should be warned against a too-ready acceptance of a pavement about which little or nothing is known save among its promoters.

Bituminous macadam is the name of a patented pavement brought out by the Warren Brothers, of Boston, in April, 1901. It consists of an ordinary macadam base made up of crushed limestone, five inches in depth and a surface composed of two or three inches of coal-tar and fine granite screenings. What special features of this pavement are patented it is difficult to state from a careful reading of the literature circulated in its behalf, but one is left to infer that a way has been found, patentable in form, to

grade the particles of stone in such manner as to leave as few voids as possible and to secure as nearly as possible a compact stone base and a surface wherein the granite screenings will resist the attrition of traffic. Stress is laid upon the point that the granite in the surface material will bear up traffic much better than the sand used in an asphalt surface. Again, a process of preparing the tar in such manner as to extract therefrom the oils that usually cause tar to liquify under the rays of the sun is held to have been found and patented. Thus the entire pavement is admitted to be a monopoly.

No pavement of this kind has ever been laid in St. Louis, unless it was the coal-tar pavement laid many years ago on the Eleventh street side of the old City Hall, and which had such a disastrously short life. That pavement lasted about six months.

The advocates of the Warren pavement contend that their product does not at all resemble the old coal-tar pavements, which cost so much and had such a brief existence, although at the same time they point to a coal-tar pavement in Washington, D. C., which was laid 27 years ago and is still in existence, as proof of the wearing properties of their own. They do not allow it to be known, so far as their allegations or their literature are concerned, that their pavement is a coal-tar pavement.

It is right here that the suspicion that there is something wrong with the Warren pavement begins to be justified.

It is called "bituminous macadam," and through the advertisements, circulars, ordinances and specifications the word "bituminous" is the only word used as descriptive of the material of which the pavement-cement is composed. There is no question that the "bituminous composition," which is so frequently spoken of, is coal-tar; why, then, is coal-tar disguised under a generic name? Asphalt is a natural bitumen. Tar is an artificial bitumen. An asphalt pavement is a bituminous pavement. Is it not natural to suppose that the studied avoidance of the term "coal-tar" means that the projectors of the pavement are afraid to name their material? This idea is strongly confirmed by the impression that the promoters of the pavement leave upon owners of property in streets set down for paving, and whose favor for the Warren pavement is solicited, for nearly every one of these tax-payers appears to be possessed of the idea that the pavement called bituminous macadam is a new and improved form of asphalt pavement. Many property-owners, in speaking of the pavement, refer to it as "bituminous asphalt." Insincerity is thus stamped on the pavement at the start. It is a coal-tar pavement, disguised under another name, and no details of an attempt to thoroughly disguise it are wanting. One looks in vain through all the Warren Bros.' literature for the admission that "bituminous macadam" is merely a coal-tar pavement, or what is known in Canada as "tar macadam."

The reason of the concealment of the coal-tar element in the pavement is not tar to seek. No property-owner would look with aught but suspicion on a coal-tar pavement. Here, in St. Louis, where the sun's rays are known to have an extraordinary heat in the summer months, the adoption of a coal-tar pavement could not be looked upon but as an experiment of the most doubtful nature. For over twenty-five years one attempt after another has been made to introduce coal-tar as a paving material and every attempt has been a failure. Washington laid many miles of coal-tar pavements. Many of the large cities put down pavements of coal-tar mixtures. Nowhere has there been a successful pavement laid of this material. The dreams and theories of coal-tar pavement promoters have been rudely ended by the early destruction of every pavement of this kind ever laid. The cause of the failure is not difficult to find. Tar is fluid in summer and brittle in winter. It will not stay still and exert itself as a cementing body. In the summer months it evaporates or runs down the slope of the pavement to the gutter, and in the winter it releases its grasp on the particles of stone it is supposed to hold tightly, and the stones

are quickly kicked out, leaving the pavement "pock-marked."

Another feature of this pavement excites suspicion and inspires distrust. That is the verbiage used in describing the setting of the particles of stone. Granted that a base of loose crushed limestone can be laid in such manner as to leave as few voids or spaces in between the stones as possible, thereby "securing greater compactness;" how poorly does such a base compare with a solid concrete base, where the "voids" are filled with Portland cement and the entire base from curb to curb is one huge, artificial stone? If the surface is to be of coal-tar, is it intended that the voids, few as they may be, in the base, will receive the tar poured in from the top? Under the official description of the pavement, as contained in the specifications of the Street Commissioner, there is nothing to prevent the tar from diffusing itself throughout the entire pavement. This would mean that the entire mass would be inseparable and that the foundation would be worthless. The asphalt pavements laid on Pine and Locust streets, twenty years ago, were resurfaced two years since, at the cost only of a new surface. The 6-inch concrete base beneath them was in as good condition as the day it was laid and will be in as good condition twenty years hence. When a "bituminous macadam" street is taken up, the entire construction will apparently be a loss.

Every practical paving-man to whom the writer has talked on the subject, admits that the soil of St. Louis is such as to make dangerous the experiment of laying a bituminous pavement, or any smooth-surface pavement, without a permanent concrete foundation.

The Street Commissioner, Mr. Varrelman, in a recent newspaper interview, declares that he and other members of the Board of Public Improvements have seen in the East bituminous macadam pavements as laid by the Warren Brothers, which have stood the test of two summers and two winters. As a matter of fact, the first experiment made with the form of pavement called "bituminous macadam" was in the laying of a sample strip in Worcester, Mass., in the month of April, 1901. Several other samples, from 100 to 300 feet in length, were laid later in small towns in New England; also a small section on Tremont street, in Boston. The laying of streets under contract by the Warren Brothers did not come to completion until last year (1902) and the results of street construction by them cannot well be observed till the coming summer.

In view of the experimental nature of the pavement, both as to material and construction, it is surprising to consider the amount of work set apart for the Warren Brothers by the Board of Public Improvements and the Assembly, and especially to see the unhesitating manner in which such boulevards as West Pine, Union and Delmar, are given over for experimentation to people who have never laid a street in the city and whose only material has been discredited wherever it has been used for paving purposes. The Board must feel an extraordinary confidence in a new form of coal-tar pavement to warrant it in setting apart for the Warren Brothers from eight to ten miles of the finest streets in St. Louis. There would seem to be a necessity for more deliberation in this matter, upon the part of the Board and of the Municipal Assembly.



THE POOL

BY EMERY POTTLE.

FATHOMLESS, opaque, hid in the marsh of years,
Lies the still pool of memory;
A fiddled tune, a bird's home cry, a woman's
tears,
Imagined odors of the sea—
Strange how such as these trouble the water's breast,
And stir old pain, old joy, to fitful, faint unrest!

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and St. Charles Street.

CELA DEPENDS

(Letters from Miss Totsie Toots in New York to her chum, Miss Lillie Land, in San Jose.)

I.

New York, Dec. 6, 1901.

DEAR LIL,

I have been here two weeks and if ever there was a girl with my luck, I have yet to meet her. You know how hard it usually is for a wild and woolly Westerner to obtain a footing in the cultured East. Well, I have not had any difficulty. I met a manager yesterday and he gave me to understand that he would put me right into his new piece. I should judge from the way he spoke that he was more than favorably impressed with Yours Truly. I already see myself in "The Dragon's Nose" singing the prima donna role and—making a conquest of all the Johnnies. You don't think me conceited, dearie, do you, to write all this stuff to you?

Sincerely,

Totsie.

II.

New York, Jan. 9, 1902.

LILLIE CHERIE,

Yes, I was quite right. "The Dragon's Nose" is the piece I am surely designed for. I wish you could come on for my débüt. I have been looking over designs of costumes. In the first act I shall wear cream silk tights with trunks of the same in satin. With these go a huge picture hat of cream, covered with nodding plumes. In the second act, figure to yourself my engaging self in magenta crêpe, decollete and sleeveless, a crown on my hair, which by the way I have had "touched up." It is now a red-brown and so becoming. I am still living in my little hall bedroom but you may expect to address me at my own flat, if—well, there's always an *if* in every joy or sorrow, isn't there?

Affectionately,

Tot.

III.

New York, Jan. 28, 1902.

DEAR LIL,

I saw the manager to-day, in fact I just left his office. Rehearsals haven't begun yet of "The Dragon's Nose," but we had a nice chat about it. I wish you were here to meet him. He is so nice, and I can figure pretty closely from what he says that I am to be the star of the production. There's so much in being decent looking with a figure that counts. I went to the theater to-day and took a look at the stage where I shall débüt. I intend having all my New York relatives and friends present, so I can be sure of lots of

applause. A newcomer must use every pull she can muster, for there are so many adverse circumstances to contend with. I haven't said a word to Aunt or Uncle or the Cousins yet—they don't even know I'm in town. The *if* is in it all, you see. I want to be somewhere before I tell them I'm here.

Lovingly,

Totsie.

IV.

New York, Feb. 1, 1902.

LILLIE DEAR,

Thanks awfully for sending me the papers. I didn't look to see my pictures in the papers for a long time yet—and *such* notices! Well, they took my breath away. I rather wish you hadn't told anybody about it yet, for if the other people in "The Nose" company see how I am regarded at home they may be mean to me. There's so much jealousy among them. But thanks all the same, you dear girl.

Totsie.

V.

New York, Feb. 6, 1902.

DEAR LILLIE,

I looked at the sweetest flat to-day, way out near the park. When you and mother and father come on, I can put you up sumptuously. I'm going to let you have the room that overlooks the avenue. I shall have it all furnished in blue, for you know you love blue. Every day there'll be fresh violets on your little dressing table. The drawing-room is rather small, but I shall not entertain much. The dining-room I intend having furnished in light oak, with lots of silver on the sideboard. When they run their articles on "Miss Totsie Toots at Home" the dining-room will come out lovely in the pictures. My bedroom will be in pink, with little Cupids on the ceiling. The drawing-room will be in pale yellow. Just fancy me acting as hostess to Melba, Paderevski, Maude Adams and Duse. Duse, you know, is expected here this year some time. Theatrical people are so bohemian and interesting.

T. T.

VI.

New York, Mar. 6, 1902.

MY OWN DEAR GIRL,

When am I going to move? Well, I haven't decided. It all depends on circumstances. I looked at an automobile to-day. When you come, I'll be owning my own auto and we can take a spin every day in the park. This will only be a short note, Lillie dear, as I have to go out to see my manager. When is "The Nose" to be presented? Oh, it's going on directly. That's what I'm going to see him about.

Ta, ta dearie.

Toots.

VII.

New York, Apr. 19, 1902.

DEAR LILLIE,

Do you know I've half a mind to shake "The Dragon's Nose." To-day I met another manager and he extolled the glories of a new extravaganza he's going to produce. The star part in it is larger than the prima rôle in "The Nose," has more "fat" as they say on the Rialto. What would you do about it?

Your old friend, Totsie.

VIII.

New York, May 6, 1902.

DEAR LILLIE BIRD,

That was very sound advice you sent me. I would act upon it, if—well, as I've said before, there is always the *if*. The prima donna in "The Nose" would have to travel. The show goes on the road after "trying it on" a Harlem audience. Yes, I think those costumes are lovely, but I've thought of something more stunning for the third act—a pale green trimmed with silver. Would you think it wrong for me to wear tights?

Totsie.

IX.

New York, June 1, 1902.

LILLIE PET,

You are such a dear. Well, then I'll wear the tights. "The Nose" is positively to go on in a fortnight, and I'll let you know how it comes on and everything. There's always the *if*, you know.

Totsie.

Telegram: 10 paid, July 15, 1902.

No. Don't come. Tell mother. Will send letter later explaining.

XI.

New York, July 16, 1902.

MY OWN DEAR LILLIE,

I've a confession to make to you. I am not the prima donna of "The Dragon's Nose." When the manager first spoke of my appearing in it, I hoped to be chosen as the leading lady, but it was only a hope, of course. You know how nice it is to build castles. Well, that one was my Chateau d'If. And the elegant flat, like the prima part, was only another castle in the air. My hall bedroom still shelters me. *Ifs* are awfully large things, aren't they, though they spell so small?

Ever yours,

Totsie Toots.

P. S.—What do you think of my coming home next month and accepting that position in the Tiv. chorus? One can always climb, you know.

T. T.

The Mirror

"A land flowing with milk and honey."

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NEW BOOKS

The fountains of Napoleonic literature seem to be inexhaustible. Every year witnesses new additions to the many volumes which are already adorning or incumbering the shelves of libraries. For well-known reasons, the life and character and achievements of the Corsican will always prove of fascinating attraction to hero-worshippers. One of the latest contributions to Napoleonic literature is "The True Napoleon, a Cyclopedic of Events in His Life," by Charles Josselyn. As the sub-title indicates, this is a compilation of chapters from the works of various historical authors and investigators. In his preface, Mr. Josselyn takes occasion to remark that he has "purposely avoided narrating scandals and intrigues of which, alas, there are many." It has been his object to present only the better side of Napoleon's character, and to lay stress upon his more noble aspirations and achievements. Lack of space forbids citing at length from this well-written and well-condensed book. But we cannot refrain from reproducing the following, which bears upon the waning of the Corsican's military genius before the battle of Waterloo: "There can be no doubt that Napoleon was then suffering to an extent which enfeebled him, and to this cause we may put down the failure to attack earlier at Waterloo. His refusal to support Ney and Murat at Borodino, and his strange neglect to push other divisions to the assistance of Vandamme on his perilous march to Culm to cut off the retreating allies after Dresden, are previous instances of the effect of disease on his actions and on his fortunes. Something may be put down to his own consciousness of loss of prestige, perhaps also of hope. Years before he had told Metternich of the crushing effect of failure. 'You do not know what strength is given by good luck. It alone gives courage. It is only by daring that one does anything worth doing, and it is only from the feeling of good luck that one ever dares anything. Misfortune crushes and blasts one's mind; thenceforward one does nothing well.' (Le malheur affaîse et flétrit l'âme, et des lors on ne fait rien de bon.) The book is beautifully bound and printed, and contains various good illustrations. R. H. Russell, New York, is the publisher.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of "The Work of Wall Street," by Sereno S. Pratt. In view of the tremendously important rôle which Wall street and the New York stock exchange now play in the financial development of the country, the work under review merits perusal by every student of financial and commercial affairs as well as by practical men who have had experience in speculative doings, and, at one time or other, made turns on either the bull or bear side of the market. As the author well says, "much has been written about Wall street, and yet much remains to be written." The average man, who reads accounts of the antics of Wall street, and the periodical booms and panics, "corners" and "squeezes," has, as a rule, very little knowledge of the principles which un-

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derlie financial and speculative movements, or the influence which the money market and security movements exert on economic conditions throughout the world. He is disposed to look upon the speculative community as a herd of gamblers who make and lose fortunes in quick succession and try to bamboozle the public. To him, Mr. Pratt's book will prove a revelation and an education. After perusing the pages dealing with the evolution of Wall street, the stock market, values and prices, stock companies, listing of securities, the New York stock exchange, the clearing house, the tools and language of Wall street, the broker and his business and office, the money market and bank statements, sub-treasury operations, foreign exchange and the balance of trade, underwriting syndicates, panics and manipulation of securities, he will, no doubt, be a good deal wiser regarding matters which vitally affect every line of business and are, at times, of great influence upon the shaping of politics and legislation. One of the most interesting chapters in this book is that devoted to a discussion of "Values and Prices." There we read, on page 65, that "an analysis of the stock market reveals a mysterious law of averages. The great primary movements

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based on values run in about equal periods of boom and depression. One upward sweep is followed by a downward sweep of about equal length. There have been constructed in Wall street elaborate charts, or systems, by which it is claimed the course of prices can be infallibly foretold. Men who use these systems as a substitute for close study and sound judgment of conditions are as much fools as the young nobleman who, some months ago, constructed a system for 'breaking the bank' at Monte Carlo, and succeeded in only breaking himself." The book contains various illustrations, the frontispiece being adorned with a picture of the new stock exchange building in New York.

"The Triumph of Love" is the title of a little volume of strikingly good verses by Edmond Holmes. True poetic feeling, lofty thoughts and noble hopes underlie the lines of this poetic work. And the technique is well-nigh faultless. It is not often that one has the pleasure of reading such exquisitely conceived lines as the following:

"O beauty past desire!
O prize that heart may never hope to
gain!
Is it not well that still, from fire to fire,
From deep to deep, love seeks thee,—
but in vain?
Is it not well that love should woo thee
so,
And through life's failure keep life's
torch aglow?"

The binding and typography of the
volume call for special praise. Published
by John Lane, New York.

Francis M. Ware is the author of "Our Noblest Friend, the Horse," published by L. C. Page & Co. The motto to this book has been well chosen. It is "a horse should be treated like a gentleman." The words of this motto were uttered by Leland Stanford. Lovers of the noble animal, the most faithful friend, servant and companion of man, will make no mistake in investing in this book. Why? Because it is written by a man who has made a most sympathetic study of the horse's nature, habits and likings, and knows whereof he speaks. His knowledge is both practical and theoretical. There are chapters on the education, choosing and using of horses; their proper treatment, health and comfort. All these subjects are discussed in a simple, terse style, in a style which is always adopted by the writer who feels himself on sure ground. The volume is adorned with many good illustrations, and neatly gotten up.

Lovers of sport will be interested in a work entitled "Raquets, Tennis and Squash," by Eustace Miles, M. A., formerly a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, and author of "Muscle, Brain and Diet," etc. The author makes an interesting attempt to teach the elementary principles of both the theoretical and practical sides of sports of the kind indicated by the title of his book. In his preface, he says, "a 'sport' is to me one of those parts of character making that bring best enjoyment—that is by itself not a nothing—most health, best intellectual calmness, together with promptitude



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The Mirror

and adaptability, most fineness of three senses (sight, hearing and touch), and best social and international intercourse." The book contains a wealth of most useful information of every kind, directly or indirectly connected with the subjects discussed. Matters of air and breathing, food and feeding, preparatory and supplementary exercises, heat, water, massage, work, rest, are all discussed in an instructive and fascinating fashion. A great number of photographs and diagrams enhance the value of the work to sport-lovers. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers.

The January, or initial, number of *The Review of Catholic Pedagogy*, edited by Rev. Thomas E. Judge, has an attractive table of contents. We note an editorial article on "The Alphabet of Philosophy!" "The History of Education: A Plea for the Study of Original Sources," by Rev. William Turner, D. D.; "Coordination of Religious Teaching," by Rev. Peter C. Yorke, Regent of the State University of California, and "The Catholic Church and Education," by Rev. T. E. Judge. The magazine appeals to Catholic readers who are anxious to keep abreast of the times in matters of religious thought and philosophy and education. It undoubtedly fills a want that has long been felt. The subscription price is \$2.50 for ten numbers; there will be no issue in June and July. The price of single copies is 30 cents. Published by *The Review of Catholic Pedagogy*, 637 S. Harding Ave., Chicago.

"In the Market Place," by Jane Valentine, is one of those impossible stories that are known as "thrillers." It is surcharged with fustian sentimentality, melodramatic bathos, and astounding turgidity of style. The characters are ridiculously overdrawn. The women are predisposed to "tear a passion to tatters." Their loves and hates are inconceivably bombastic. Sensuality, of the kind that appeals most strongly to verdantly green adolescents, stares at us from innumerable pages. It is a book that should make a great hit with the unsophisticated readers of fiction. Published by the Abbey Press, New York.

Birdsall Jackson is the author of "Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales." He possesses the ability to write in a clear, simple, facile style. The stories in this book have a tinge of conventionality, but they are, nevertheless, with very few exceptions, well up to the average in present-day fiction. There is nothing particularly dreamy or vague about them. The figures in them are not mere puppets. They act and talk like persons of flesh and blood. Some of the tales deal with modern life, and will, no doubt, prove good reading to intelligent fiction readers. F. M. Buckles & Co., New York, are the publishers.

Timothy Bloomfield Edgar, of St. Louis, has published the second edition of his "Poems, Rhymes and Sayings." The verses indicate that he possesses a considerable amount of poetic fancy and feeling, even though they do not soar to extraordinary heights. As the

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author says in his preface, his "object has been rather to encourage ethics or morals, and to cultivate kindly feelings and sentiments."

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, make announcement that the "Valley of Decision," by Edith Wharton, has been chosen for serial publication in the most prominent Italian magazine, *La Nuova Antologia*, which, in Italy, holds the same rank as *La Revue des Deux Mondes* in France. Italian literary circles are taking a profound interest in the work of the talented writer.

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HE HAD DOUBTS

"Of course," he said, "it is no more than courteous to be obliging in all associations with the fair sex."

"Of course."

"So far as possible, you should do what a girl wants you to do."

"Certainly."

"If she seems anxious to do a little spooning you should spoon."

"Naturally."

"If she likes flattery, you should flatter."

"In moderation, yes."

"If she wants sentiment you should give it to her."

"Assuredly."

"That's just common politeness, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, no one can tell me again that politeness pays. I know better."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, perhaps my chivalrous nature led me to overdo the thing, but I've just been sued for breach of promise."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FEMINISM

Josephine Dodge Daskam, one of the most popular of the younger writers of the day, is not in sympathy with woman suffragists, and thinks the girl of to-day ought to be eager to hang on to her many privileges and let her rights go. "If you can not in this generation get your vote, you always can get your voter. Women have always influenced man, and I don't see but what that's just as good. There is some danger of women getting what our brothers call the 'big-head.' If the young girl isn't careful her brother may turn like the worm. Whatever we do, we should leave him two things. One of these is the conviction that he knows and can do more than we can (as, for instance, looking up our trains for us), and we should leave him his bank-book. He may give us everything else, including his latch-key. I think there is a great deal of unnecessary twaddle these days about the increasing strenuousness of the young girl. I don't think she has changed so much. I don't think these little fads of the modern girl and modern woman, such as physical culture, or vegetarianism, or Greek grammar, to which she must devote at least a morning a week, have changed the woman underneath. She has no more mind. She may use her mind a little differently, but it's the same old mind, the same energy that she uses.

There are two things which women must always have had, since the creation, to be successful, and those two things are the same in the far-off islands of the Pacific and in the high school in Massachusetts. A woman to be successful must be good and she must be charming. You may think of her charm as her parliamentary ability, her oratorical power,

or her excellent canning of peaches, but she has got to have it. And if she is not good, the world can't progress. There may be something interesting in the bad woman, but she can't perpetuate nations, and, after all, that was the main purpose of our creation, I think. If a woman is good and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made, but if she can be good and charming, her heritage and posterity can ask absolutely nothing better." Miss Daskam proved her sincerity and fearlessness by including the above remarks in a paper which she read before the Pilgrim Mothers, at their recent two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the landing of the Mayflower, for most of the members of the league are woman suffragists. Naturally they were somewhat surprised and disappointed with her point of view.—*Argonaut*.

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, with their family, left last week for California.

Mrs. R. H. Stockton left, last week, for Palm Beach, Florida, accompanied by Mrs. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert will leave soon for Europe, to make a short visit in Paris.

Miss Susan Leigh Slattery has been spending a week or ten days in New York with relatives.

Mme. Pernet—Vandeenter and West Belle. Language, Music, Painting, Elocution, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Harrison are settled in their handsome new home in Kingsbury place.

Mrs. James Barker, who has been for a short time in St. Louis, has returned to San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. James E. Brock, of 5528 Cates avenue, is entertaining her sister, Miss Trundle, of Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Ferguson, who have abandoned their contemplated Western tour, left, last week, for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Daugherty, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Belle Daugherty, have gone to Eureka Springs.

Miss Bessie Sinsheimer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is spending several weeks in St. Louis, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Otto Rosenheim.

Mr. Trabue Pittman and his bride have returned from their honeymoon tour, and are settled in their new home, at 4060 Berlin avenue.

A reception will be given this afternoon by Mrs. J. R. Roblee, of Delmar boulevard, assisted by Mrs. Paul Jones and Mrs. Holme Morrison.

Miss Carrie Wilkerson will leave soon for Europe, where she will spend some months in travel, accompanied by Mrs. J. B. Case, of Webster Groves.

Miss Nellie Griswold, who has for the past six months been residing with her mother, in Cincinnati, is in St. Louis with her grandmother, Mrs. W. D. Griswold.

Mrs. George Kimball, of Washington Terrace, is entertaining her niece, Miss Helen White, of Chicago, in whose honor she gave a handsome luncheon on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Elliott, of Berlin avenue, accompanied by Mrs. Frankie Reed and little Miss Vesta Reed, have gone to the Florida resorts to remain until spring.

Mrs. James H. Chambers, of 5001 McPherson avenue, will give a tea, to-morrow afternoon, from three to five o'clock, assisted by her daughter, Miss Ethel Stanley Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader are expecting a visit from their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie, of New York, who will arrive about the first of February.

Miss Florence Hayward, who is in London in her social capacity, is settled in handsome apartments at Marlborough Mansions, and is receiving a great many pleasant social attentions.

Mrs. Finis Marshall, of 5109 McPherson avenue, will entertain the ladies of the W. C. A. at her home this afternoon, from three to six o'clock, in honor of Mrs. John Duncan, of Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Howard Blossom, who has just recovered from a sprained ankle, will leave in the early part of February for the Mediterranean trip, joining a party of friends on board the steamship Moltke.

Miss Blanche Strauss has recently returned from a European tour of several months, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Jacobson. While in Rome Miss Strauss received signal honors at the hands of the Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Crane left, last evening, in a private car for San Antonio, Tex., where they go to attend the Trans-Continental Congress. They had with them in their car, Mrs. S. G. Warner, of Kansas City, as their guest.

Mrs. D. R. Powell, of Cabanne, gave a

luncheon on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Julia Rumsey, who will soon leave to take the Mediterranean trip with her mother, Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Chappell and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rumsey. The party will sail February 3rd on the steamer Moltke.

Miss Corinne Willing Francis, of West Morgan street, is at present in New York City, where she is being entertained by her cousin, Mrs. Arthur Frith, who will be remembered as Miss Mimika Farish, of St. Louis. Miss Francis spent several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts at the Waldorf, and was a great deal feted and entertained.

Announcement has just been made of the engagement of pretty Miss Minnie Hauk and Mr. Clarence Higgins, of Page boulevard. The wedding will be an event of February 18th. The bride will be attended by her three oldest and best friends, Mrs. Mark Johnson, as matron of honor, and Misses Edith Hilkene and Westbury as bridesmaids. Mr. Higgins will have for his best man Mr. Mark Johnson, and the groomsmen will be Messrs. Albert Gray and Charles Higgins.

The wedding of Miss Marie Otilie Weyersburg, of Minerva avenue, and Mr. Thomas Hamilton Rodgers, managing editor of the County Watchman, took place Tuesday evening at Clayton. The ceremony was performed at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, at seven o'clock by the Rev. Dr. J. K. Brennan, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. Mrs. Earl Oliver, of Jefferson City, served the bride as matron of honor, Miss Weyersburg having performed the same office for her last June. Two little children, Miss Mildred Ophelia Becker and Master Georgia Barere, led the bridal party, carrying baskets of maiden hair ferns. Mr. Rodgers was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Stephen Rodgers, as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Fritz Rudolph Von Windegger and Harry Morgan. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride, after which the young couple left for a honeymoon tour. They will reside at 5082 Minerva avenue until their own home in Clayton is in readiness to receive them.

The marriage of Miss Martha Gould Harris and Mr. C. A. Soch was solemnized, on Monday evening, at eight o'clock, at St. Mark's English Lutheran Church by the Rev. Dr. Boyd, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. Miss Harris came in with her father, Dr. W. John Harris, who gave her away. She was gowned in white Louisine silk, trimmed with superb point lace, which was sent as a bridal gift by her grandmother for whom she is named, who resides in London. Miss Grace Langdon, a cousin, accompanied the bride as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Florence Sparks, Helen Ramsay, Inez Johnston and Irene Knox. The maid of honor was gowned entirely in white, her toilette being of crepe de chine, with trimmings of lace and white panne. She carried white roses. The bridesmaids wore pale pink crepe de chine trimmed with panne lace, and carried pink and crimson roses. Mr. Dunlap was best man for the groom, and the ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Guels, Lamar, William Ittner, L. S. Luton, George Knox, Barnard Eagan, Charles Smith and W. J. Harris, Jr. After a reception the bride and groom left for a bridal tour. They will reside at 4052 Morgan street.

The most important social event of the past week was the wedding of Miss Florence West and Mr. Howard Elting, who were married last Saturday at the Second Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Boyd officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Carol West, as maid of honor, and Misses Marie Scanlan, Irene Catlin, and Tullidge of Cincinnati, as bridesmaids. Mr. Elting had for his best man Mr. Victor Elting, and the ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Allan West, Walter McKittrick, Arthur Shepley, Mott Porter, W. L. Chambers, De Witt and Sherman Elting, of Hannibal. The bride

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was robed in white embroidered chiffon, made with soft fleecy flounces, and trimmed with some fine old Duchesse lace. The tulle veil was held in place with a delicate coronet of orange blossoms, and in the corsage was a superb diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids and maid of honor were all dressed alike, in pale blue chiffon, shirred and trimmed with lace, and large picture hats of pale blue chiffon, trimmed with lace. They carried purple violets tied with blue satin ribbons, and the bride carried delicate mauve and white orchids. There was a bridal breakfast at the home of Mr. Thomas H. West, of Westmoreland place, after the ceremony. The young couple left for a Western trip.

shoulders and prettily, daintily encased feet." The "encasements" must be of Swope's make, for Swope's boots are always best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's shoes are always stylish, chic. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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Brown: "Gayboy attends the opera so regularly; has he an ear for music?"
Green: "No, but he has an eye for

The Mirror

THEATRICALS

"The Daughter of Hamilcar," as presented at the Century this week, is, ostensibly, based upon Flaubert's "Salammbô." Mr. Stanislaus Stange is the playwright who stands charged with the crime of having dramatized the original version. Admirers of the great French writer will hardly feel inclined to thank him for his work, for he has converted "Salammbô" into an exceedingly bombastic melodrama, the jarring exaggerations of which are only relieved, to some extent, by gorgeousness of scenery and costumes. The story is simple. *Salammbô*, the daughter of *Hamilcar*, and sister of *Hannibal*, in consequence of a nightly visit to the tent of *Matho*, a barbarian chief of Lybian mercenaries, hired by the Carthaginian shopkeepers, conceives a violent passion for him. *Matho*, in an outburst of generous feeling, induced by his consuming desire to possess *Salammbô*, surrenders into her hands the sacred veil, which, some days previous, he had taken from the temple of Moloch. He thereby saves *Hannibal*, and regains for the city the protection of the gods. By refusing to accept her person as ransom, he suc-

ceeds in gaining *Salammbô*'s thankfulness and love. She returns to the city, unharmed, saves her little brother from a cruel death, and causes rejoicing among the populace. Afterwards she learns that *Narr Havas*, king of Numidia, and her father, have planned the destruction of *Matho*'s army, his capture, torture and death. She at once dispatches *Hannibal* to *Matho*'s camp, with instructions to ask the barbarian leader to meet her at night in the outer court of the temple of Delos. The lovers meet; *Salammbô* warns him. She urges him to flee, and to take her with him. She is still pleading, when suddenly *Spendifus*, a Greek slave, rushes upon the scene, and informs *Matho* of the slaughter of his army, and insinuates, at the same time, that *Salammbô* has been the instigator of the treacherous plot. *Matho* doubts, then raves, and hurls the charge of vile betrayal at *Salammbô*. At this juncture, *Narr Havas* appears, runs his sword through the breast of *Spendifus*, and takes *Matho* prisoner. The latter is carried off by force, with *Salammbô* piteously imploring him to believe in her innocence. In the last act, *Matho* is in the hands of the enraged, cruel people. They tor-

ture him in every conceivable way. At last he succeeds in gaining the protection of the priests. Death is near, however. *Salammbô*, torn with grief and horror at what she has seen, approaches. *Matho* drags himself to her feet, and dies after gasping the words: "Salammbô, I love thee." The two lovers meet in death.

Miss Blanche Walsh appears in the title rôle, which suits her ability and temperament to perfection. Her acting is somewhat marred by an occasional and excessive theatricalism of pose and voice, but it is, taken as a whole, fully in accord with the melodramatic spirit and intent of the sombre play.

Charles Dalton acquires himself in a noteworthy, though a trifle stagey, manner of the part of *Matho*. The *Narr Havas* of Robert Lowe deserves special praise. The *Spendifus* of Jerome Harrington is a hideous hyperbole.

OLYMPIC.

There is not much to be said of "A Gentleman of France," this week's offering at the Olympic. As a dramatization of the well-known story, it is woefully tenuous and emasculated. It is all strutting and posing and braggadocio of

the most ridiculous fashion. Mr. Bellew is an able actor, but out of place in this sort of a play. His valiant efforts to inject spirit and reasonableness in his rôle are unsuccessful. He makes his greatest hit in the stairway duel, but to say this is not much of a compliment. We hope to see Mr. Bellew and his clever company in a better play next season.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

A topic of interest and conversation here at present is the return engagement of Klaw & Erlanger's "Ben Hur" to the Olympic, the home of its previous triumph, commencing next Monday, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. The sale of seats for the entire engagement—sixteen performances—opens tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock, and, judging from the inquiries already received, it is safe to predict another successful and brilliant fortnight. The engagement is positively limited to two weeks, and this will probably be the last appearance here, as "Ben Hur" is already booked three years ahead in other territory. The production which comes to St. Louis is the same original Klaw & Erlanger organization which was seen here last year, with the same cast, scenery, equipment, horses, camels, and ornate electrical effects. To present the marvelous spectacle, no less than 300 people are required. In the chariot race eight horses are used, while four more are kept in training for emergencies. The management of the Olympic Theater announces that all out-of-town orders, if accompanied by cash or money order, will be filled in the order in which they are received. Excursion rates are being arranged on all roads during this engagement. The prices will range from 50 cents to \$2.00, and all seats will be reserved, including those in the gallery.



A treat is in store for the musical comedy followers of St. Louis on Tuesday evening, when the "Prince of Pilsen," the highly successful opera of Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders, comes to the Century for an engagement of one week. Seats are now selling for the entire engagement. The opera has two phenomenal runs to its credit—one of five months in Boston and another of three months at the Studebaker Theater, Chicago, and it is unhesitatingly pronounced the best light opera that the popular creators of "King Dodo" have produced. It is full of unique and fascinating features, contains a liberal allowance of typically Luders music, possesses a bright and witty running fire of dialogue, and is presented with a lavish display of scenery and costumes that is extraordinary even for one of Henry W. Savage's productions. The company which is presenting the opera numbers 100 people and the cast is an exceptionally strong one. It includes Helen Bertram, the well-known prima donna; John Ransone, who for years has been a top-liner in vaudeville; Arthur Donaldson, Lillian Coleman, Jeanette Bageard, Harold Crane, Sherman Wade, Anna Licher, Ada Browne and Edgar Norton. The chorus is full of pretty faces and strong, fresh voices, and in the matter of scenic and costume embellishment Mr. Savage has given the production most elaborate treatment.



A number of pupils of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art will be presented at the Germania Theater, Fourteenth and Locust, by Mr. Guy Lindsley, on Friday evening, January 23d, in the one-act pathetic curtain-raiser, "A Country Romance," by W. D. Emerson, and the three-act comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," by J. Palgrave Simpson. It will be remembered that the last-named plays a prominent part in the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The pupils to appear are: Hortense Jaucke, Dalsey S. Yost,



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The present century abounds with examples of young men who, alone and unaided, have risen to the very highest pinnacle

of success in their chosen callings.

The great captains of industry of to-day were the poor boys of thirty years ago. They made their opportunities; they depended solely upon their own personal efforts. It was not a wealthy parent, nor an influential friend who started these men on the road to fortune.

What, then, is that irresistible force which enabled them to overcome all obstacles?

EVERY AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN IS SEARCHING FOR THIS SECRET. He believes that honesty, sobriety, perseverance, and determination are essential in the foundation on which to build a successful career, and yet realizes that he must possess something more than these prerequisites, if he would achieve conspicuous success.

Those who study the lives of successful men will tell you that they all possess a certain force of character—the power to mould and direct the opinions of others. John D. Rockefeller has often said, that he attributes his success largely to his ability to influence and control the minds of men. How to acquire that power is told by Mr. Edward Bok, in his lecture "Keys to Success," the most inspiring address to young men ever heard from an American platform. Mr. Bok does not preach theory; he gives good, sound, practical advice. He tells young men just how they can develop those qualities which contribute to success, and win both money and power. Every word is suggestive and inspiring.

The publishers of this lecture are desirous that every reader of "The Mirror" should possess a copy of "Keys to Success," and they will send, complimentary, a complete copy of this address to every reader who will write for it, enclosing 6 cents to cover cost of mailing. "Keys to Success" is one of the many inspiring speeches, contained in "Modern Eloquence," a library of Famous After-Dinner Speeches, Addresses and Lectures, in ten volumes, edited by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed. The Publishers believe that these complimentary copies of Mr. Bok's "Keys to Success" will prove effective advertising for the sale of Ex-Speaker Reed's splendid Eclectic Library, hence this offer.

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Clara Hock, Emma B. Levy, Laura Sawyer, Marie R. Connor, Joseph Solari, Jacob Apelman, F. W. Schulenberg, E. J. Brady and Winfield S. Muehleisen. This will be the second entertainment of the present season of Mr. Lindsley's regular series of public performances. That it will be an enjoyable affair goes without saying. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store, Eleventh and Olive streets.

At the Germania Theater, Fourteenth and Locust streets, last Sunday, the great laughing success, "Der Stille Associe," was given to a good audience. The play is indeed laughable, and kept the assembly constantly convulsed. Wednesday, 21st, "Die Kollegin," a great realistic drama, was the attraction. This play is new to St. Louisans, and it proved a decided success. Next Sunday, 25th, the sensational drama, "Um Ehre und Leben," by Victorien Sardou, will be put upon the boards, followed, Wednesday, 28th, by "Flotte Weiber," a musical comedy by Leon Treptow. This is to be a gala night, being set apart as a benefit and jubilacum for the director, George Heineman.

"The Brigadiers," at the Standard Theater, this week, are drawing large

audiences, and well they may, for they are presenting an all round good show and one that merits success. The chorus girls are quite pretty and well-coached. Ida Walling, as Justin Dolly, wins well-earned applause, as does, also, John A. West, as France Fudge. One of the principal vaudeville features is Prof. Goleman, under whose direction cats and dogs perform wonderful feats. The closing skit, "A Night in Paris," was favorably received. Next attraction, Weber's "Parisian Widows."

The Ice Palace still retains its interest with young and old, who enjoy the exhilarating sport of gliding over the smooth ice to the stirring strains of martial music. Cook and Channing avenues.

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❖ ❖ ❖
MUSIC

THE SCHOOL OF OPERA SCHEME.

So it appears that St. Louis is to have a school of opera. The idea is an excellent one, though the plan outlined savors of Utopia, and to be successfully carried out, demands that that self-centered, narrow-minded species of music-worker: the vocal teacher, submerge his or her proverbial jealousy in a common cause. Co-operation, however, was not evident in the first performance, for which the entire cast and nearly the whole chorus were recruited from the class of Mrs. Stella Kellogg Haines, who originated the scheme.

That there is a fine field for work of this kind in St. Louis, the performance of "the Pirates of Penzance," given last week, amply demonstrated. Undeniably crude as to action though it was, this performance reached the high-water mark of amateur endeavor in St. Louis; and at two points rose high into the professional channel.

The sensational work of Miss Grace Lillian Walser is still the topic of local music circles. Her right to the title of St. Louis' leading soprano remains undisputed—and rightfully so. Miss Walser's is a voice of rare beauty, width of range, and dramatic force, with broad, fluent top tones—witness her phenomenal D in alt, and limpid *pianissimo*, remarkable for its maturity. She is only two and twenty, with a striking imperious stage presence, and a colorful, tense way of singing. Miss Walser's is a Melba-like gift. She is said to be a serious, diligent student, with much temperament and high ideals. Her work, fraught with a delicate refinement that lends distinction, would seem to indicate that she might go as far.

The other revelation was the work of Mr. Burt P. McKinnie. This splendid young basso made probably the best *Pirate King* ever heard in this city. He displayed a thorough appreciation of his lines and illuminated the difficult "indenture bond" with such sonorous tone and classic enunciation, as to make manifest each syllable to the most remote gallery nook.

A feature of Mrs. Haines' work was the chaste enunciation of all her pu-

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Colgate's Cold Cream and Camphor Ice, 10c and 35c.

Roger & Gallet's Rose Lip Salve, 12c and 18c a tube.

Hudnut's Violet Cerate and Cucumber Cerate, 50c a jar.

Hudnut's Milk of Orris and Cucumber, \$1.00 a bottle.

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essary harmony and good feeling, however, will be the teachers. As long as they can continue to show "results" of their various methods to a confiding coterie in their studios, where the very walls, redolent of the method, encourage the affrighted "stalking" pupil, they are all right, but when their work is subjected to comparison on the stage of the Odéon, and the foyer is crowded with these possessors and dispensers of "the only method," and their disciples, the fritinancy of the hen-yard will be

nothing compared to the state of affairs then prevailing.

KROEGER, KOCIAN AND A SYMPHONY.

The fact that a Scherzo, from a symphony by Ernest Richard Kroeger, St. Louis' foremost musician, was performed at the third subscription concert of the Choral Symphony Society, last week, seems—with singular unanimity—to have been carefully suppressed by the daily press. Yet this episode was the most interesting of the evening, and, to anyone interested in the musical progress of this city, is of far greater import than the appearance of a high-priced violin or the first performance of an inflated work by a young German composer. Mr. Kroeger's work is a charming conceit and a masterly piece of writing. It was first performed some years ago, but has since had the benefit of revision by the composer, who has enriched the orchestration by the addition of certain instruments to accentuate rhythm and character.

Had young Kocian come before Kubelik, he would probably have created as much of a sensation as did his countryman, last season, but a second Bohemian boy violin virtuoso has necessarily something of a hard row to hoe. In the first place, the element of novelty is no longer present to pique the interest, and then comparisons are inevitable where the players are so nearly of one calibre as masters of violin technique. In the case of Kubelik and Kocian, the intangible quality of "personality," as related to their work, becomes a large factor in their success. There was something uncanny and elf-like about Kubelik that the very normal-looking and rather commonplace Kocian lacks, and consequently his playing has not the adventitious aid of remoteness and picturesqueness that made Kubelik's work so eerie and fascinating. Kocian is a fine violinist—plays on a fine instrument and shows much talent and hard study, and, as before remarked, had he been first in the field, his ability to create a sensation as a prodigy would have been unquestioned. He played, at the Choral Symphony concert, last week, the Paganini Concerto in D-major—with a frightful cadenza and a group of violin solos.

Raff's F-major symphony, called "Im Walde," formed the first part of the concert. Despite its beauty, its inordinate length taxed the patience of most of the auditors.

Mr. Ernst and his men were in fine fettle.

Pierre Marteau.



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The Mirror

A BUSINESS INTRODUCTION

The ways and means of insurance agents for securing customers are many and varied. The *modus operandi* seems to be to get the victim interested, and then bombard him with argument, eloquence, and statistics; and it is in the first that the real genius of the business comes in.

A merchant was writing at his desk, the other day, when two of the craft entered. Being well dressed and prosperous looking, he rose to receive them and inquired their business.

"I want," said one, "to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Booker, who is a well-known gentleman living here, and special agent for the Bluster Company."

"I am pleased to meet Mr. Booker," returned the merchant, "but I really don't know that I'm acquainted with you."

"Indeed!" said the first. "Booker, old man, introduce me."

Booker did, and the merchant, seeing the trick, burst out into a heavy guffaw, and was soon insured by the two friends, who, if they had entered in the ordinary style and stated their business, would probably have been shown the door.—*San Francisco Star*.



C. L. Bates, who for many years was with Mermod, Jaccard & Co., now has charge of the Diamond Department of F. W. Drost, 7th and Pine, where he would be pleased to meet and serve his many friends and patrons.



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THE INDIAN TERRITORY

The passage of the Cherokee Treaty on August 7th calls direct attention to one of the most fertile sections of the United States. Prosperity in the Southwest is an assured fact, and the development of the Indian Territory and the consequent expansion in trade and wealth is but a question of time. In a few years this section, so long neglected, will be as well threaded with railways as is Iowa or Minnesota. Its fitness for close settlement, comparative certainty of rainfall, and natural resources make it an attractive goal for Western lines. The marvelous fertility of the soil is shown in the fact that the Government cotton report for 1901 gives the average lint production of the Territory per acre at 214 pounds, exceeded only by that of Louisiana, 260 pounds, and far in excess of the world's average, 169 pounds. The cotton industry alone is of much importance in the Territory's future.

White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the plating of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

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AN AMERICAN MENTONE

One of the most charming and most ideal winter and all-year-round health resorts is Citronelle, Ala., which has already acquired great fame and is attracting a great number of health-seekers and tourists. The town has an elevation of 360 feet, the highest in the Government coast survey between the Rio Grande and the Coast of Maine. The site is a high rolling plateau in the heart of the long leaf yellow pine forest of South Alabama. The soil is sandy; there is no malaria; there are no poisonous insects. The climate is simply delightful—at all times of the year. The salt air of the Gulf commingles with the fragrant, delicious ozone of the pine woods; it is absolutely clean and clear, and therefore of great benefit to all persons suffering from catarrh, bronchial and throat troubles and from the depressing effects of the grippe. Medical authorities are agreed that Citronelle is likewise an ideal place for those who wish to recuperate from nervous prostration and kindred ailments.

The town is within a short distance from Mobile. It has a population of one thousand, which is, of course, considerably increased during the winter months. There are public and private schools, churches of various denominations, stores of all descriptions, a well-equipped and strictly up-to-date hotel, and first-class livery.

The proximity to Mobile makes Citronelle a particularly attractive place for those who are fond of city amusements. The hunter is offered ample op-

portunity to enjoy his sport. Small game abounds. In the shadows of the forests, deer may still be found, and then there is the agile squirrel, the turkey, the rabbit, the fox and quail. As Mobile Bay is only a few miles away, fishing is one of the best and most enjoyable sports. Neighboring streams are also well stocked with various varieties of savory fish.

Citronelle has a gun club, which all guests are invited to join, and also golf links. The surroundings of the place are both picturesque and romantic. They are a veritable paradise for the enthusiastic lover of nature. Here can be found blooming in winter the beautiful camelia japonica, yellow jasmine, trailing arbutus, mountain laurel, roses, violets and other flowers and shrubbery. In March and April, the woods are aglow with blooming trees and wild flowers.

It will probably surprise many to learn that at Citronelle was made the last surrender of the Civil War. Reliable old citizens report that on May 5th, 1865, General Taylor signed negotiations for peace to General Canby, at a spot, under a clump of oak trees, a mile and a quarter south of the depot.

The water of Hotel Citronelle is famous for its curative qualities in cases of kidney and stomach troubles. It is preferred by many to any of the well-known leading mineral waters. Besides the hotel water, there are numerous iron springs. Hotel accommodations are ample and obtainable at very reasonable rates.

It is no exaggeration to say that no-

where along the Gulf or Atlantic Coast is there any more ideal and more attractive health resort than Citronelle. The location cannot be excelled, and the climate is considered, by various authorities, to be more beneficial than that of any other resort on the coast. It is said that many business and professional men have already located there, principally for reasons of health.

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London *Tit-Bits* says that a country parson lately went to preach in an old, remote parish, one Sunday, when the aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said: "I hope your riv'rence won't mind preachin' from the chancel; ye see, this is a quiet place, and I've got a duck sittin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."



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BOBBY HAD THE BEST OF IT

Edwin and Angelina had just returned from a long walk, hot and thirsty, when Angelina asked Edwin to come into the drawing-room and have some lemonade.

He assented; but when they arrived at the house Angelina found, to her dismay, that there was but one lemon left. She immediately told her brother Bob to squeeze the whole of the lemon into Edwin's glass and bring her a glass of water.

Edwin also became aware of the fact that there was only one lemon, and told Bob to squeeze the whole of the lemon into Angelina's glass and bring him a glass of water.

The result was that a few minutes later the two lovers might have been seen daintily sipping their glasses of water, and asking each other between sips if it was strong enough; while naughty brother Bob, convulsed with laughter, was standing outside the door sucking that lemon!—*New Yorker*.



Reduction sale, artistic European bric-a-brac. 4011 Olive street.



A writer in the *New York Times* says that when Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark; "I'm moving again."

THE STOCK MARKET

Contrary to all expectations, Wall street values displayed a reactionary tendency in the past week, selling pressure being, at times, very pronounced and coming from, supposedly, representative sources. The sudden and violent break in Reading had a bad effect upon speculative temper. The most plausible theory advanced in explanation of the erratic fluctuations in these shares is that the Morgan syndicates threw their holdings on the market, preparatory to repeating the operation in Erie, which latter issues have been remarkably strong and active ever since the beginning of the new year. The former bullish feeling on Reading seems to have evaporated since announcement was made that the Baltimore & Ohio and Lake Shore people had acquired a majority of the outstanding stock.

There is a deeply-planted belief in some quarters that there is something brewing in Erie and Ontario & Western issues. The latter are not very active, but significantly strong. The road does not earn enough to warrant any dividend payments, and it is only rumors of buying for control that can be said to warrant the present level of quotations for the stock. Rumors are still current that there will be another addition to the bonded indebtedness of the Erie, and that it is in anticipation of this that the stock displays such unusual activity. When, some time ago, Morgan decided to saddle the Erie with the properties of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, the shares of the former experienced quite a little boom, even the bonds being moved up by the manipulators. The earnings of the road are again, thanks to the coal shortage, increasing at a very handsome ratio, but dividends are not as yet in sight, neither on the common, nor the second preferred. The increases will have to be maintained for a considerable length of time before shareholders may look for any distribution of profits on anything but the first preferred.

The removal of the duty on coal failed to make any impression on the value of anthracite issues. It is not believed that there will be any imports worth speaking of, freight charges being, apparently,

more than sufficient to offset the removal of the duty. However, while the action by Congress will not result in any special damage to the coal companies, it is a valuable straw showing which way the wind is blowing. Congress must always be considered to be representative of public opinion. And all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, public opinion is down on all combinations and monopolies which "corner" the supply of commodities and raise prices in a most arbitrary fashion. Some attention must also be paid to the introduction of a resolution asking for an inquiry into the powers of Congress to confiscate coal properties and public carriers, in case of necessity, under the right of eminent domain. For this resolution is a sign that a more liberal and more progressive spirit is manifesting itself, which refuses to recognize the right of corporations to do as they please, and to submit the public to all sorts of chicanery and oppression.

The removal of the duty on coal was effected in a surprisingly short time. There was, indeed, such a queer unanimity of opinion and such a strong desire to act quickly, that protection-sheltered interests must have been filled with dismay and disquietude. For, if Congress is so prompt and enthusiastic in removing the duty on coal, why may it not be expected to be equally prompt and enthusiastic whenever, in the future, one of our many monopolies should become as "fresh" and greedy as the coal interests now are? Protectionism is no longer as strong as it used to be in years gone by. This is plainly indicated by the recalcitrant attitude of many Congressmen, especially among members from the Western States belonging to the Republican hierarchy.

Considerations of the above kind have, undoubtedly, been responsible, in some degree, for the persistent weakness of United States Steel shares, which fluctuated within a narrow range and suffered from a steady outpour of scattered holdings. What was said in these columns, last week, in reference to the prominent part which protection plays in the annual statements of the steel trust, has been amply substantiated since by the testimony of an independent wire manufacturer, who declared prices prevailing in the steel trade in this country outrageously and absurdly high, so high, in fact, that foreign producers find it possible slowly to undermine the foundations of our domestic market. He made it plain that many American orders have been and will be given to foreigners, because the United States Steel Corporation has made it its policy to monopolize the market here and to keep prices at a level which practically prohibits many makers of finished products from doing a profitable business.

The intention of the Pennsylvania Company to double its capital stock comes in for a good deal of criticism. Prominent shareholders are decidedly opposed to the policy of the directors to ask them first to endorse a plan, and to discuss it afterwards. They are not willing to forego their rights. They well remember that the Amalgamated Copper Company was in the habit of doing the same thing, two years ago, and then

The Mirror

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gave its shareholders a most disagreeable surprise. It is not likely, however, that any protests will avail to prevent the carrying out of the announced plans of the Pennsylvania. The majority interest, which controls the board, appears to have given its sanction, and the minority will have to buckle under. An appeal to the court is not thought of, for the reason that the courts of the State are completely under the influence of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The foregoing exchange market is still in a precarious, uncertain condition. At one time, in the past week, it looked as if gold engagements might be announced any moment, but the manipulators of the market again contrived to prevent it, by some means or other. They are evidently determined to postpone the inevitable to a time when the stock market shall be better able to withstand the shock. Gold shipments, at this time, could not but have a bad effect, in spite of the large additions which have lately been made to the surplus reserves of the Associated Banks. Leading financiers are said to foresee another danger in the Panama Canal negotiations. They think that, in the event of a completion of negotiations, the Federal Treasury will be compelled to go into the foreign exchange market as a buyer in order to be able to make remittances to French financiers. The purchase price of the canal is \$40,000,000. An absorption of such a big amount of exchange bills would drive the rate sky-high and lead to a large outflow of the yellow metal.

They are still promising a display of beautiful pyrotechnics in Rock Island shares. The Moore-Leeds-Reid crowd made things fairly hum of late, and it is believed that they succeeded in causing some leading bears a good deal of worry, and something else and worse besides. The shares are a rank gamble, in spite of the persistently flamboyant reports of tremendous earnings which the road now enjoys, and which, it is said, will soon make the common a 6 per cent dividend-payer. The manipulators of these shares are experienced, tricky, smart guys, but they make a mistake in using too much brass in booming their stuff.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The week on the local stock exchange has been rather quiet. In spite of a good deal of shouting, transactions were on a small scale, and prices fluctuated narrowly. The bulls were evidently not disposed to be on the aggressive. They satisfied themselves with absorbing offerings and maintaining prices. At the same time they have not lost confidence in higher values. It is their opinion that there will be an interesting upward movement before the advent of spring. However, in spite of such optimistic ideas and expectations, it must be admitted that there is a subsidence of the speculative fever, in this city as well as elsewhere, and that investment demand is conspicuous by its absence.

St. Louis Transit was in demand, but it failed to reach 30. At this writing, it is still selling at 29. United preferred is weak at 80%, while the bonds are quoted at 84%. Street railway issues are not in favor at the present time.

Missouri Trust has been a strong feature for some days. It is now selling at 129 1/4. American Central is selling, in small lots, at 167 1/2, and Third National at 347. Commonwealth may be bought at 313, and Germania at 229. State National is 199 bid, Boatmen's 235 bid, and American Exchange 330 bid. Title Guaranty is offered at 101 and Lincoln Trust at 260.

Granite-Bimetallic suffered once more from liquidation, the price receding to \$1.10. Central Coal & Coke common is quoted at 68 bid, and Missouri-Edison preferred is selling at 46.

The banks report a good business, with interest rates on a steady basis. Sterling is firm at \$4.87 1/8.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Lamb," Lexington, Ky.—Would not advise you to buy Tennessee Coal & Iron. The stock has always been a gamble. Great Western common is not much of a purchase, but it seems to be popular, because of a belief that the property will eventually be taken into a combination. The same applies to Wisconsin Central common.

J. L. U.—Burlington 4s must be regarded as a safe investment, in spite of the high price paid for the shares. Do not think you will lose any money by investing in them. The other bonds are not attractive.

F. G. McD., Corsicana, Tex.—See no reason to be in a hurry about loading up with Rock Island preferred. There is not much room for improvement in these shares. Take your profits on Manhattan.

E. P.—Don't expect much of a change in prices. New York Central still pays 5 per cent. No increase in rate looked for.

McDermott.—Hang on to your Frisco common. You should be able to sell without a loss, at least. The dividend on

Steel preferred is 1 1/4 per cent quarterly. It cannot be increased.

T. E. W., St. Charles, Mo.—Cannot recommend purchase of bonds mentioned. United preferred cannot be regarded as a strictly safe investment. If it could, the price would be near par. Transit is a speculation. Would advise you to hold off for the present.

A. R.—Presume you mean Peoria & Eastern bonds. These can be bought and sold at any time on the New York stock exchange. The first mortgage 4s are a good investment, but the income 4s are speculative. The latter have had a big rise in the last two years. They sell at about 81. The first 4 per cent was paid on them April 1st, 1902.

Dickson.—Car common is an untried issue. The company has large earnings and a big surplus, but it cannot be said that the permanence of dividend payments on common is assured. The shares are a promising speculation, but no attractive investment. If you are partial to it, however, you might buy some at a decline of a few points from present level. Keep out of Chicago stock mentioned. Toledo is a speculation, and selling at present quotations because it is believed that it will, sooner or later, be taken in by another company. Would advise you to keep your money. You should be able to buy at lower prices before a great while. Never buy when things are doubtful. Buy when everybody else wishes to sell, even if you have to wait for your chance.

Reader, Clayton, Mo.—Would advise you to keep out of the stock.



Discount sale, European novelties, personally selected. 4011 Olive street.



\$20.00 MARDI GRAS \$20.00
NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE,
FEB. 18-24, 1903.

Via Mobile & Ohio R. R. Inquire at St. Louis ticket office, 518 Olive St., for particulars.

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THROUGH ST. LOUIS TO
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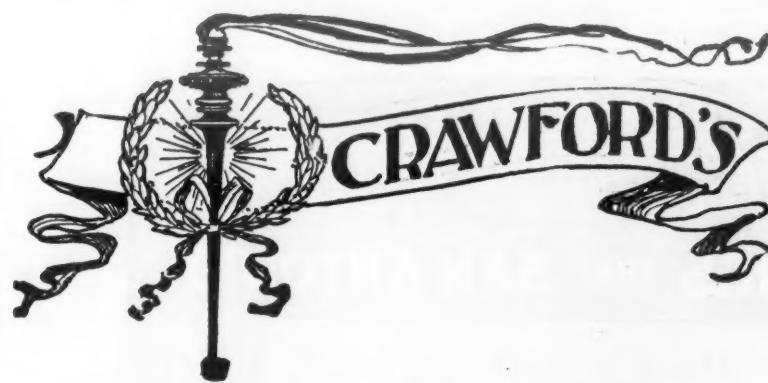
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1903
FENCING
GIRL

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Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"
to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents, with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, 328 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO, ILL.
The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PRORIA.





As straight as points the needle to the pole, so straight does the shopping community go to

"St. Louis' Greatest Store,"

the Store in which they have absolute faith and confidence. Note the following lowest prices yet.

Millinery Reductions

SECOND FLOOR

We invite your attention to our line of "Ready-to-Wear" Hats that were \$3, \$4 and \$5; now reduced to..... 98c

Special attractions in trimmed Hats that were \$7, \$8 and \$10; now sell for..... \$2.48, \$3, \$4

6 dozen Hats, slightly soiled that actually sold for \$2, \$3 and \$4; now go for..... 25c

We are showing a full and complete line of Baby Caps in faille and velvet, trimmed in fur, silk ribbon rosettes and wide silk ties that were \$1.98; now sell for 98c

To deal here means to save money.

Blankets and Comforts.

THIRD FLOOR.

Still Slashing Prices!

Still More Bargains!

1,000 pair size tan and white Cotton Shaker Blankets; were 59c; now at, per pair..... 39c

1 case 11-4 size extra heavy white Bed Blankets, with good nap; equal to any \$2.00 kind; now at, per pair..... \$1.39

Some 100 pair full-size all-wool California Blankets, with fancy borders; a few of them are slightly soiled, but the price we put on them will talk; most of them were sold at \$6.00; now at, per pair..... \$4.49

Specials in Comforts.

A sample lot of Comforts for single beds, which are slightly soiled on the edges; were worth 79c; now at, per comfort..... 50c

200 sample Comforts, good, large size and good material; were sold at \$1.50; now at, per comfort..... \$1.19

SILKS.

36-inches wide, a good Black Taffeta for skirts, was at 98c yard; now at..... 65c

Black corded Taffeta, from the great auction sale of Townsend & Montant, regular 69c quality, now 45c

28-inch all silk Satin Duchesse, black only, was \$1.00 yard; now at 69c

20-inch all-silk Stripes, all shades, a swell silk for waists, was \$1.00; now at 65c

20 pieces Stripe Peau de Soie Wash Silks, all shades, was 69c yard; now at 37½c

Upholstery.

THIRD FLOOR.

150 Couch Covers, 50 in. wide, 3 yds. long, heavy fringe; were \$2.25; now, each..... \$1.35

75 pair heavy Tapestry Portieres, fringe top and bottom; were \$3.95; now, pair..... \$2.75

250 Rope Portieres, for full-size doors; in all colors; were \$2.50; now 1.50

25 odd pairs Lace Curtains; were \$1.25; now, pair..... 50c

35 odd pairs Lace Curtains; were \$2.00; now, pair..... 75c

30 odd pairs Lace Curtains; were \$3.00; now, pair..... \$1.25

30 odd pairs Lace Curtains; were \$5.00; now, pair..... \$2.25

250 pairs Irish Point Lace Curtains, 3 1-2 yds.; were \$3.75; now, pair 2.50

Cottage Rods 4 ft. long; were 10c; now 5c

Drapery Fringe; was 15c and 25c; now, yard 4c

Short lengths of Grille, suitable for single doors, up to 3½ ft. long, was 35c to 75c a ft.; now, a foot 15c

Sofa Pillows; were 25c; now..... 15c

Opaque Window Shades, 3x6; were 35c; now 19c

500 yards 36-in. Curtain Swiss; was 15c; now, yard 10c

Hosiery and Underwear

Ladies' imported, double-fleece lined cotton Hose, high-spliced heel and toe, French feet; were 25c; now 11c

Children's fast black cotton and fleece-lined cotton, also imported tan lisle thread Hose, broken sizes; were 25c, 15c and 12½c; now 8 1-3c

Ladies' double-fleece lined cotton and all-wool Hose; full, regular made; were 35c; now 22c

Ladies' imported natural gray lamb's wool Hose, very fine goods; were 75c; now 48c

Ladies' imported fancy lisle thread Hose, full, regular made, French feet; were \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75c; now 39c

Ladies' imported, opera-length black lace Hose, beautiful patterns; were \$1.00; now 49c

Ladies' Jersey ribbed, fleece-lined Vests, silk trimmed, pearl buttons; were 50c and 39c; now 35c and 25c

Ladies' fast black all-wool Jersey ribbed Tights, sizes 3, 4 and 5; were \$1.00 and \$1.25; now 49c

Ladies' Norfolk and New Brunswick all wool, Jersey ribbed fast black Vests and Pants; were \$1.75; now 89c

Ladies' Jersey ribbed wool Union Suits, Oneita style and buttoned down the front; were \$5.00, \$3.75, \$2.50 and \$1.75; now \$3.75, \$2.50, \$1.69 and \$1.25

Boys' plush-lined cotton Vests, silk-trimmed, pearl buttons, sizes a little broken; were 35c, 30c, 25c and 20c; now 15c

Ladies' Jersey ribbed cotton Vests, low neck, no sleeves, ribbon in neck and arms; were 15c, now 8 1-3c

Sheet Music.

List Our Price. Cut

VOCAL. When Kate and I Were Coming Thro' the Rye..... 50c 17c

In the Valley of Kentucky..... 50c 17c

Back to the Woods—If I But Knew, each 50c 17c

Tommy—Mister Dooley—Eva, each 50c 17c

In the Sweet Bye and Bye—Please Let Me Sleep, each. 50c 17c

My friend from My Home... 50c 17c

In the Good Old Summer Time 50c 17c

Here's to the Old Folks at Home 50c 17c

I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You 50c 17c

A Little Boy in Blue—On a Sunday Afternoon, each... 50c 17c

The Malden With the Dreamy Eyes 50c 17c

INSTRUMENTAL.

Hiawatha, a summer idyl... 60c 17c

Echoes From Old Kentucky, march and two-step 50c 17c

Blaze Away, march and two-step 50c 17c

Alagazam, march and two-step 50c 17c

Aunt Minerva Ann, march and two-step 50c 17c

Alabama Hop, march and two-step 50c 17c

Iris Waltzes—Lazarre Waltzes—Dreamy Eyes, two-step 50c 17c

Mississippi Bubble, two-step. 50c 17c

Castle Square Waltzes—Under Two Flags Waltz, each 50c 17c

A Breeze from Alabama, two-step, by Scott Joplin.. 50c 17c

Salvage Shirts.

The greatest Shirt sale in the history of St. Louis is still in progress.

Men's fine printed Madras Negligee Shirts, not damaged, only mussed a little; worth 50c; now. 35c

Men's fine woven stripe Madras Negligee Shirts, sizes 14 to 19½, every shirt worth \$1.00, now.... 48c

Men's fine pleated bosom Madras and fine Cambric Negligee Shirts, Ferguson - McKinley's \$9.50 and \$12.00 shirts, now.... 69c

Boys' 50c Madras Shirts, now.... 29c

25 dozen Boys' fine all-wool Sweatshirts, in stripes and plain white, worth \$1.25 and \$1.50; now.... \$1.00

Pianos and Piano Players

For the benefit of those cautious buyers who have deferred purchasing a Piano or Piano Player until after the Christmas rush, we wish to announce that the expected "slump" has come at last, and this week we will place on sale every piano in the house at prices unheard of in the music business. Everything marked in plain figures. One price to all. Genuine "Krells," were \$450.00 to \$300.00, now \$340.00 to \$225.00

The world-famous, popular-priced "Columbias" and "Royals," were \$225.00 to \$325.00, now \$125.00 to \$175.00

The marvelous Simplex Player. We can't cut the price, but will present the purchaser with \$50.00 worth of music. (See the point.) Liberal terms. No interest.

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

A Great and Successful

Racing Corporation

E. J. ARNOLD & CO.,

BENOIST BUILDING.

ST. LOUIS.

Up to a few years ago, horse racing for money was looked upon as purely a pastime of sports. No one dreamed that the time would come when the betting of money on horse races and the operation of a racing stable could be converted into one of the greatest factors in the investment field. That is just what the great firm of E. J. ARNOLD & CO. has done.

Four years' trial have proved their plans wonderfully successful. Arnold & Co. can actually earn for you a weekly dividend on your investment. For instance:

\$50 Earns \$52 a year.

\$100 earns \$104 a year.

\$200 earns \$208 a year.

\$500 earns \$520 a year.

\$1,000 earns \$1,040 a year.

\$2,000 earns \$2,080 a year.

\$5,000 earns \$5,200 a year.

And, furthermore, they can do it safely.



The United States authorities have thoroughly examined the business of Arnold & Co., and the result of their close scrutiny is that the business of the company meets the Federal laws as fully as any other business enterprise, as much so as a bank or trust company or a great wholesale house.

One of the cardinal features of this firm is, that all moneys are on call at its clients' demand.

NOT IN ONE INSTANCE HAS A CLIENT
BEEN TURNED AWAY DISSATISFIED.

The racing stable of the Arnold Company is headed by Gold Heels, the champion thoroughbred of 1902. Gold Heels captured both the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps and was the leading breadwinner of the McLewee stable. Gold Heels and his stable companion, Major Daingerfield, won over \$75,000 on the Metropolitan tracks last season. Mr. Arnold paid a big price for Gold Heels, and will use the magnificent son of The Bard and Heel and Toe in the stud should he fail to race next year. Gold Heels is now at the Arnold farm near Greenville, Ill., where he will be turned out until next spring. Dr. W. H. Rexford, the eminent veterinarian, who came all the way from New Orleans to "fire" the great horse, is positive that Gold Heels will stand training again next season, and prove fully as useful a performer as he was this year. Besides Gold Heels, the Arnold firm owns Fitzbrillar, the crack son of Fitzjames—Brillar, admittedly the best 2-year-old developed on the Western circuit this season. Fitzbrillar won a valuable juvenile stake the last time he started at Worth this fall from a field of the best 2-year-olds in training at Chicago. Other useful 2-year-olds in the Arnold stable are Fort Wayne, who showed such brilliant form at Delmar and the Fair Grounds this fall; Wolfram, a frequent winner at Delmar, and Ben Lear another regular winner at Delmar.

THE AMERICAN EGYPT

Gates' Tenth Annual Tours to MEXICO

Also to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and California.

Leaving Union Station, St. Louis, 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, February 18th,

VIA THE



This is an excellent chance to visit, at comparatively small expense, all principal points of interest in Mexico, as well as the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forests and the most famous Health and Pleasure Resorts of California.

Full information (including profusely illustrated descriptive matter) as to the expense, itinerary, etc., may be had upon application at

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



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THE LAST LARGE TRACT OF FINE UNCULTIVATED LAND TO BE THROWN OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT

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